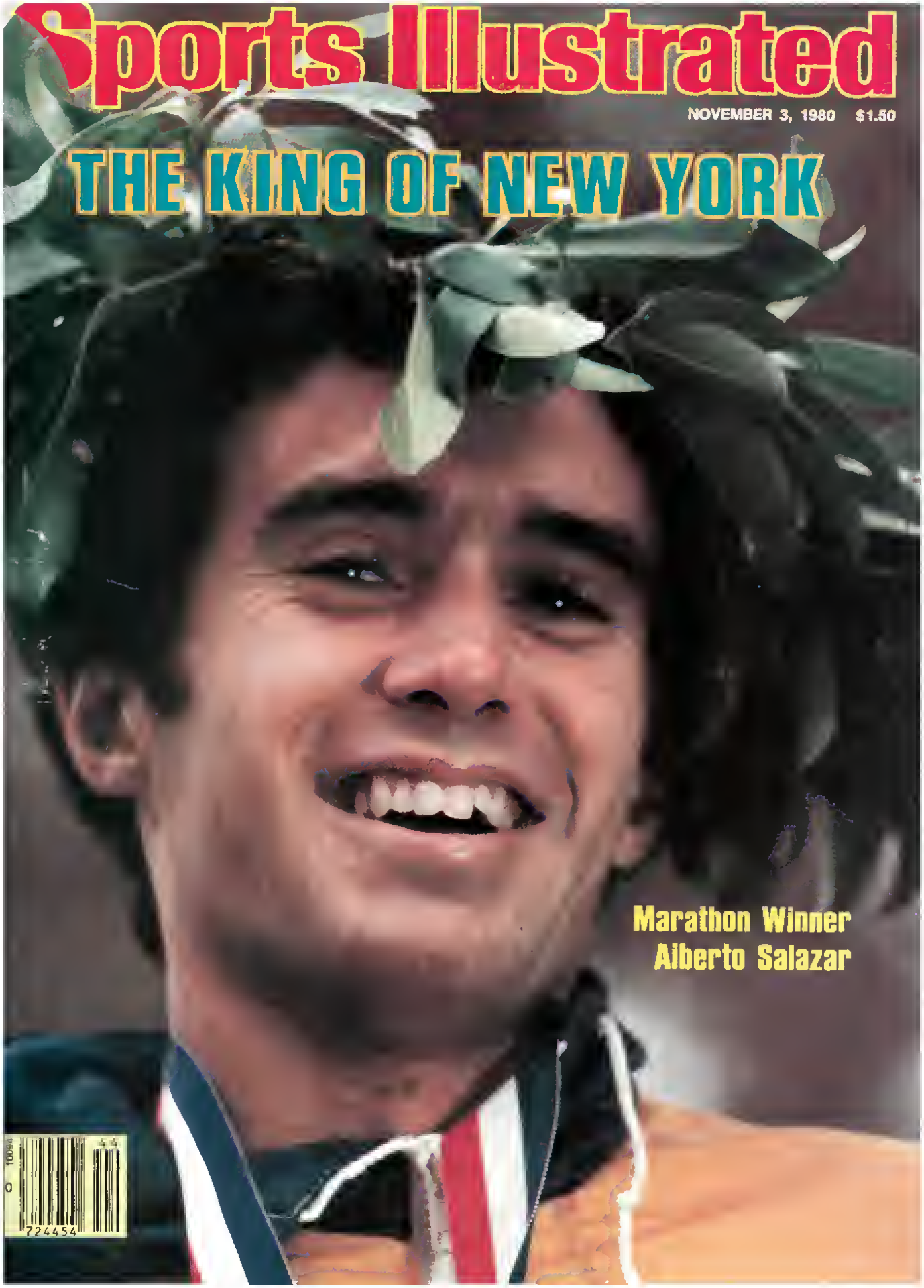
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THE KING OF NEW YORK



Marathon Winner
Aiberto Salazar

0 10094 724454

SCHNAPPS



What a game. On the ground and in the air your team did the job.

Now taste the flavors you've always loved. Enjoy our new tangy Ginger, spicy Cinnamon or minty Spearmint Schnapps over ice, with your favorite mixers, or along with a beer.

The two of you and Arrow Schnapps. What a play.

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Panasonic has a clock radio made just for your nightmare.



The "my kid fooled with the alarm" nightmare.



[illegible] and [illegible] nightmare.



The "there's a power failure and my clock doesn't know what time it is" nightmare.



The "two different wake-up times, one alarm clock" nightmare!

The last thing you should lose sleep over is your clock radio. That's why when the time comes, make sure you buy a Panasonic. We have AM/FM clock radios to solve every problem a clock radio could give you.

Our clock radios do just about everything but tuck you in. Many are equipped with Sure Time—Panasonic's battery backup system* that keeps time internally even if there's a power failure. Most models have childproof controls to make sure you wake up when you planned. And a fluorescent digital display. There's a model with two alarm settings for couples who get up at different times. Another gives you 24 hours of continuous weather information.†

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You see, what time you go to sleep is your business. But what time you get up—that's ours.

*Battery not included. †Not all areas broadcast weather information.
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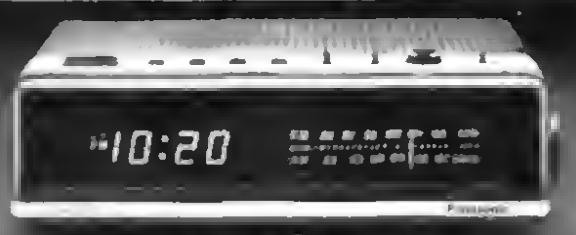
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just slightly ahead of our time.



RC-65 with childproof time and alarm



RC-150 with 24-hour instant weather



RC-75 with battery backup system



RC-55 with two alarm settings

Ford Granada 1981. Built for a changing world. Designed with a commitment to quality.

In a world calling for change, no American-built sedan has changed more for 1981 than the new Ford Granada. Count the ways:

Granada is smaller than last year.

Granada has more interior room than last year.

Granada has rack-and-pinion steering this year.

Granada has a new type of suspension for this year.

And, best of all, Granada's efficient 4-cylinder engine for 1981, combined with its new sleek aerodynamic styling, gives it the best mileage in its history—21% better than last year!

23 EPA EST MPG 34 EPA EST HWY

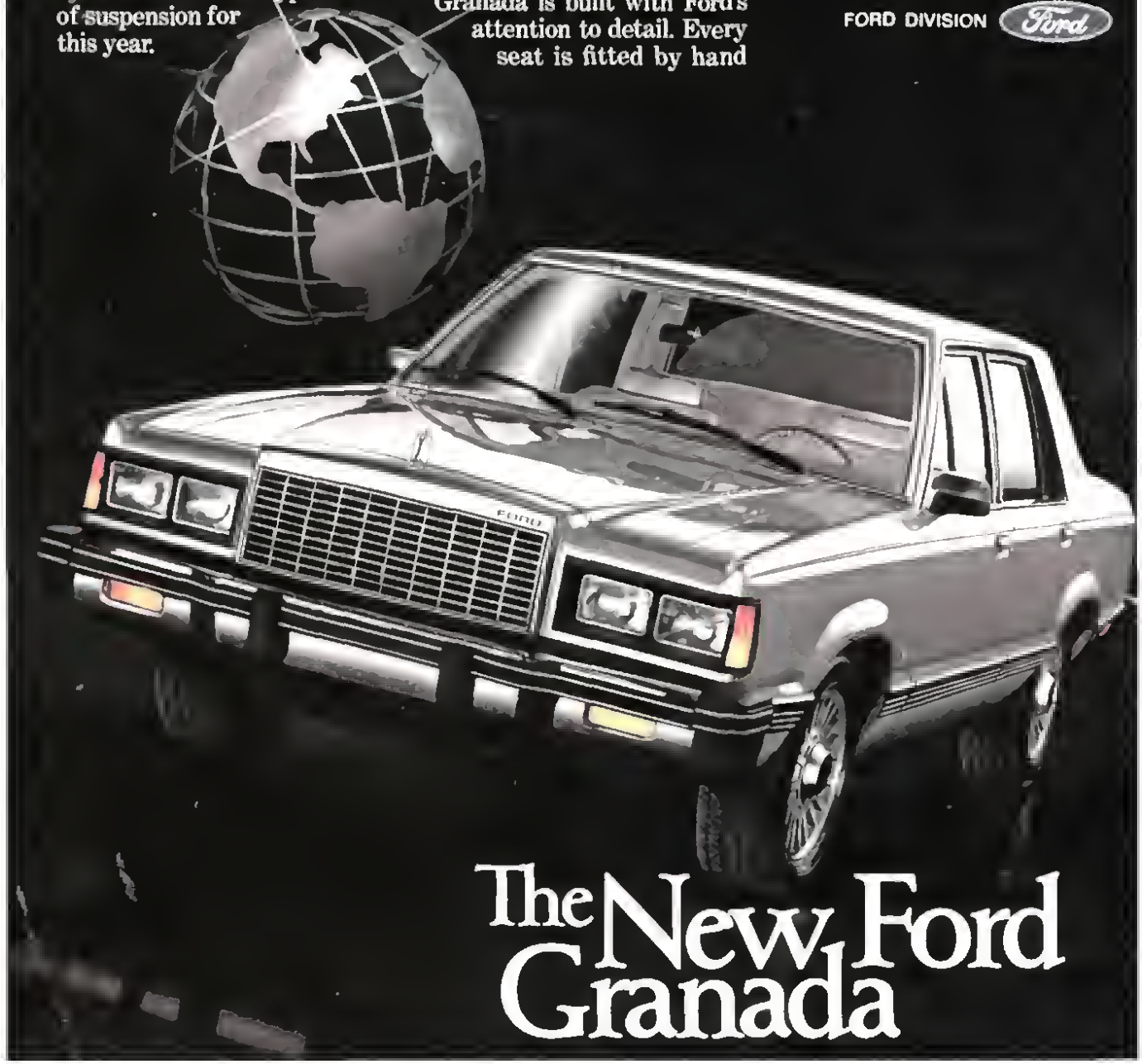
For comparison. Your mileage may differ, depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and California ratings lower.

Granada is built with Ford's attention to detail. Every seat is fitted by hand and every door is adjusted by hand. Every car is examined by at least 38 quality-control inspectors. That's attention to detail you can see, feel and hear.

Your Ford Dealer can discuss buy or lease arrangements and tell you about Ford's Extended Service Plan.

FORD GRANADA

FORD DIVISION



The New Ford Granada

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Next Week

YOU COULD ARGUE all winter about whether Marques Johnson or Julius Erving is the NBA's best forward. Johnson thinks they're about even, though he has six years on Doc and plays better D. John Papanek profiles the Milwaukee Bucks' star.

CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON or the mighty (ugly and foul-smelling) toadfish? It was hard for two scientists, one author Jack Rudloe, to determine which. After all, it was the middle of the night in the middle of an oozing river in Surinam.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Walter Bingham, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's incredible shrinking editor, was down to 158 pounds, which meant it was marathon time in New York. When he came to SI as a clip-desk clerk in 1955, Bingham was a baby-faced, six-foot, 175-pound tennis player. On Sunday he was a wiry 50-year-old distance runner about to start in his sixth marathon. By his own account, he was running "more and better than I ever have in my life."

Bingham is no product of the running boom. He ran his first Boston Marathon in 1965, when most people didn't know what a marathon was. The starting field for the race that year numbered 358; Bingham finished 200th. He was the one wearing white tennis shorts and a blue polo shirt. He would also have been wearing white sneakers, as he had throughout his training that year, if a friend hadn't suggested at the eleventh hour that he might benefit from better shoes. So, taking a subway to a loft in lower Manhattan, the only Adidas outlet in New York at that time, Bingham acquired his first real running shoes, the $22 numbers with the green stripes on the sides. While those shoes still hang on a nail in the cellar of Bingham's house in Port Washington, N.Y., dusty reminders of a simpler era, his latest are a New Balance model that goes for $70 (which may say more about the state of the economy than of the art).

After five straight Bostons, Bingham retired from marathoning. His best time was 3:22.08 in 1966, when he placed 130th; in 1969 he failed to finish. "In the summer of '67 I pulled a hamstring playing tennis on Cape Cod, and I was never quite the same after that," he says.

Nevertheless, running had become a way of life for Bingham, and he kept at it, competing in local five-mile and 10-km. races, training in Central Park at lunchtime and on the roads of Long Island on his days off. He even created his own running boomlet, converting other SI staffers from lunching to jogging, in order not to have to run alone. "With all deference to the concept of the loneliness of the long-distance runner," he says, "I'd rather run with people and talk." As his midday companions will testify, Bingham is king of the long-distance talkers. One strategically placed question can keep him occupied—and the questioner off the conversational hook—for as much as 10 kilometers.

With the advent of the five-borough New York City Marathon in 1970, Bingham began to feel the old 26-mile, 385-yard tug. He would stand on an overpass near the East River watching Bill Rodgers and a stream of sweating runners come pouring off the Manhattan end of the Queensboro Bridge, and he wanted to know how it felt.

On Sunday, Bingham was one of 14,012 people who found out. Though hampered by a cold and an inflamed tendon, he finished in 3:39:07—six minutes faster than his time in his first marathon 15 years ago. "The nice thing about this sport," Bingham said, "is that you always seem to improve as long as you keep working at it." And Bingham remained a fan. "My only regret," he added, "was not getting to watch Bill Rodgers."



WALTER BINGHAM: SI's MARATHON MAN

Philip D. Howlett

"Our home heating costs are down 72% since the day we bought our Buck Stove."

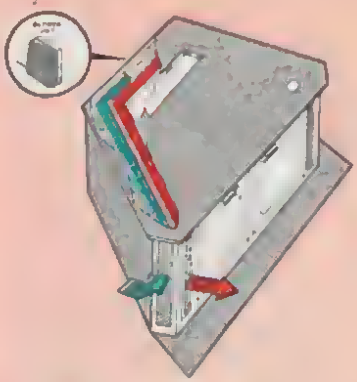
— Larry & Vicki Long



The Buck Stove: Whole-house heating. Saves you money.

The Buck Stove is a unique heating system — with its own self-contained blower, hot air vents and cold air returns — designed to heat your entire home.

It works *effectively* and *efficiently*, *safely* and quietly. And very, very inexpensively — using less firewood than a conventional fireplace and no more electricity than a 100-watt bulb. Yet, unlike Franklin-type wood stoves, the Buck Stove can dependably heat an entire eight-room house from one end to another. Up to 3,000 square feet. And keep your family toasty warm, night and day.



How much money will you save with a Buck Stove?

It depends on many things: the size of your house, how well it's insulated, how warm your family likes to be, and the price you've been paying for fuel oil, gas or electricity. Buck Stove owners typically report savings of up to 80% on their fuel bills. Savings that should increase with every passing year. Because while oil and natural gas will continue to grow scarce and expensive, trees will continue *to grow — period.*

There is only one Buck Stove heating system.

Buck Stove invented the forced air wood heating system in 1975, and has continued perfecting it ever since (with over 200 separate improvements). Its exclusive design — for both fireplace insert and freestanding models — is protected by government patents and cannot be duplicated.

With so many imitations on the market, we think you should know why Buck Stove is the leader.

Quality Construction — The Buck Stove is made with *three* steel walls. The firebox is constructed of pressure vessel plate steel — the highest quality steel available. The doors are cast grey iron, and the glass door inserts are made of materials which resist breaking at temperatures as high as 1,200°F.

Fuel Efficiency — The Buck Stove heating system is engineered to burn wood slowly and completely, allowing a controlled, even flow of air across the fire. This precise draft control makes it easy to build a fire and eliminates constant fire tending.

3-Speed Thermostatic Blower — The central rear location of the blower insures even distribution of the heat. And since the thermostat is regulated by the temperature in the firebox, very little heat is lost up your chimney when the fire is hot. And your house isn't flooded with chilly air when the fire cools down.

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Factory Certified Installation — The Buck Stove has been rigorously tested for safety and approved for listing with Underwriters Laboratories (UL). But more important, every Buck Stove installer has been factory trained and certified, so every Buck Stove installation can meet the strict specifications of UL, the National Fire Protection Association and all local fire and building codes.

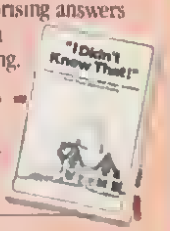
One Buck Stove leads to another and another and another...

If you really want to know how good a Buck Stove is, just ask a Buck Stove owner. On an average, every Buck Stove owner — and there are more than a hundred thousand of them — sends us five new customers. Customers who are looking to save money and keep their homes warm with the best wood heating system you can buy.

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Or mail the coupon below, and receive a *free* copy of the Buck Stove "I didn't know that!" book. In it, you'll learn some surprising answers to the questions we're most often asked about wood and coal heating.



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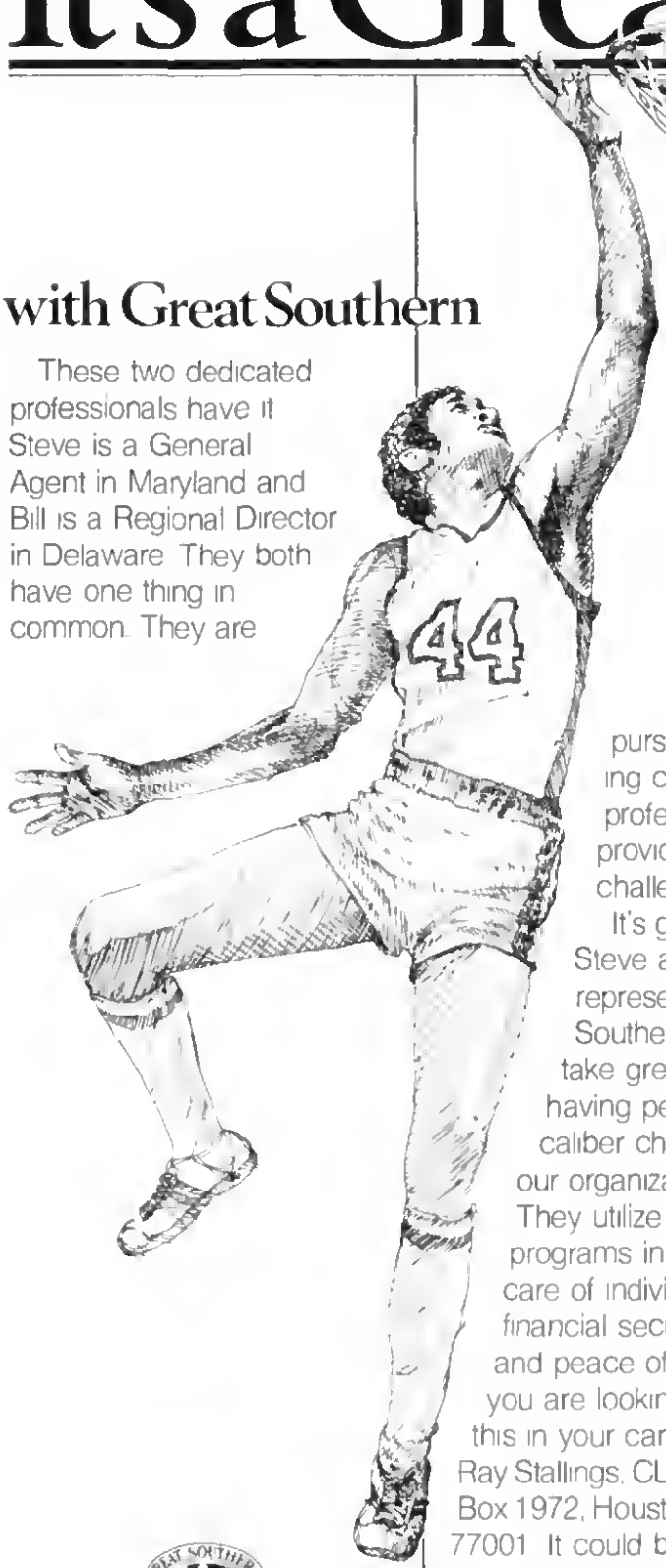
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"I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT EVERYONE ELSE IS DRINKING THESE DAYS."

Sure, in school I drank beer. Because everyone else drank beer. Crushing the cans was real important, too. And then there was what I call my "wine phase." You know, wine with everything. And everyone.

The funny thing is, there are still people out there who order what everyone else orders. That's fine with me... but I'll have an I.W. Harper. Because the only "smart" thing to order is what you like.

So, like I said, I have no idea what everyone's drinking these days. Except me and a few friends.



I.W. HARPER.
WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE.

86 proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey © 1980, I.W. Harper Distilling Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

HOME WITH LORD HOME ON THE FIELDS AND STREAMS OF BONNIE SCOTLAND

Back in the days when he served at the highest levels of British government—first as Foreign Secretary, then as Prime Minister—the mild-mannered, somewhat mousy Lord Home was often photographed on the moors of his native Scotland, stalking grouse or casting for trout. It wasn't a publicity ploy: Alec Douglas-Home, as he was then known, was a serious outdoorsman.

He still is. Now 77 years old and retired from politics, he can be found in the fields and streams of the lowlands, pursuing his favorite sports. He can also be found in bookstores as the author of *Reflections on Field and Stream* (Little, Brown $12.50). It's a chatty, unpretentious, unwittingly amusing little book, handsomely illustrated with wood engravings by Rodger McPhail.

"This short book is written in the hope that it will whet the appetite of young men of today to occupy some of their leisure time with rod and gun," Lord Home writes. His own youth was aristocratic, and he happily recalls the rich variety of game to be hunted around and about his ancestral seat at Douglas: "Grouse, black game, pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, golden plover, mallard, teal, several species of wildfowl, geese, pigeons, hares and rabbits."

Of the game he has hunted, he most admires the grouse. " ... the mountain and moorland scenery in which the grouse lives is beautiful, romantic and often spectacular, while the challenge presented to the shooter is incomparable." In the stream, he gives the trout a slight edge over the salmon.

But American readers will enjoy his book less as an instruction manual than as an excursion into a corner of a field that is forever England. Lord Home is veddy upper-class. He rambles on about the touchy relationship between master and servant; he frets about etiquette afield ("Luncheon when shooting always presents a problem"); and he offers an anecdote worthy of the "This England" column that appears in the *New Statesman*.

"I had one curious and satisfying encounter with a woodcock. We were shooting above a railway cutting when I shot a high woodcock which fell into the tender of the Flying Scotsman. I just had time to signal to the driver as he flashed past, and he left the bird for me with his compliments with the station master at Berwick-upon-Tweed."

Tweed, in fact, would be a suitable binding for *Reflections on Field and Stream*. Oh, to be in England! END

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Kings, 100's

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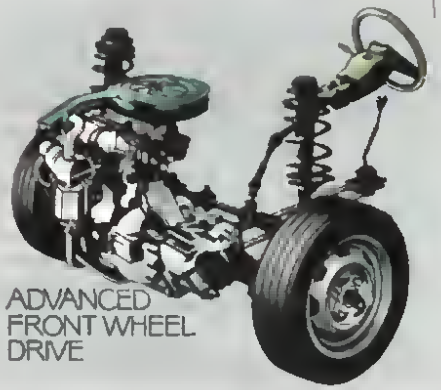
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ANNOUNCING THE ALL-NEW 1981



In a world of good economy cars, Mazda now announces a *great* one. The all-new 1981 Mazda GLC was conceived, engineered and built to be nothing less than the new state of the art in front-wheel-drive technology. And signals important new advances in what you can expect—and should look for—in a car of this class.

Starting with the basic concepts and inherent advantages of the transverse-engine, front-wheel-drive configuration, Mazda engineers have redesigned, re-engineered and refined many major component areas. Like a more powerful yet more economical 1.5 litre engine. Advanced 4-wheel independent suspension. And a redesigned rack-and-pinion steering system. The result is a sophisticated, high-quality front-wheel-drive car that may surprise you. Especially if you've driven others.



ADVANCED FRONT WHEEL DRIVE

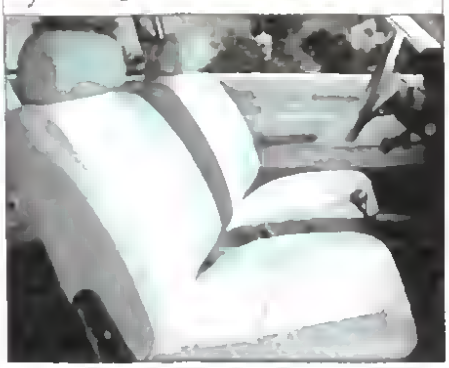
The all-new GLC is fun to drive. The steering is light and precise. The shifting is quick and positive. The turning diameter is one of the shortest around. And the interior is one of the roomiest in its class. In fact, this new GLC is actually bigger, faster, lighter, more aerodynamic and quieter than its predecessor. Yet, importantly, it also offers substantially increased gas mileage!

35 EST. mpg **43** EST. hwy mpg *

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mazda

The more you look, the more you like.



(Today, 1960 Decathlon Olympic Gold Medal winner Rafer Johnson is still on the run. As V.P. of Community Relations for Continental Telephone, he travels 42 states. As a concerned citizen, he is deeply involved with the President's Council on Physical Fitness in a nationwide track and field program for youngsters, as well as with the Special Olympics for the Retarded.)

Q. The old sound mind in a sound body idea?

A. It's true. You really can work better with your head when your body is in better shape. Physical and mental pressures are a part of life. But if you stay fit, you can deal with them better. You'll have the stamina you need to stand the strain.

Q. What if I'm too tired to exercise?

A. You're not that tired. Often, that's just your mind talking. You wouldn't cancel an important meeting just because you felt a bit tired. So don't cancel that hour or so of recreation. Just don't do as much as on the days you feel fresh. But do something. You'll be surprised how less tired you feel.

Q. You're into the racket sports. Any special reason?

A. They're basically running sports. And with my background I feel a running program is best for me. So I sprint, and play racquetball and tennis. When you move on those courts, it's amazing how much running you get. Quick starts, direction changes, jumping— you're using all your running muscles.

Q. What fitness program is best?

A. It depends. An ex-athlete should go at it differently than a businessman or woman. I'd say start out easy. Test yourself. Find your own level. Pick a game or sport you really like, then do it regularly. That's the secret— regularity

Q. What about age?

A. Whether you're five or twenty-five or seventy-five, it doesn't matter. The idea is to be where you want to be. Not where someone else is or says you should be. Just try to be in the best shape you can on any given day. It's that simple— whether you're going for the Gold Medal or just trying to live a healthy life.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

NATIONAL PRIORITIES

Say what you will about Pennsylvania, but the home of Three Mile Island and Legionnaires' disease has been represented in five straight world championships by five different teams: the Pittsburgh Pirates in the 1979 World Series (a win over Baltimore), the Pittsburgh Steelers in the 1980 Super Bowl (a win over the Rams), the Philadelphia Flyers and 76ers in the '80 NHL and NBA playoff finals, respectively (losses to the Islanders and Lakers), and, of course, the 1980 world champion Phillies. Among other things, this has kept Pennsylvania Senator John Heinz busy making those silly wagers politicians are always placing on big sports events. For example, *before the World* Series, Heinz and Kansas Senator Robert Dole bet an unspecified quantity of Philadelphia soft pretzels against 25 pounds of Kansas beef.

Is it too much to ask that Senator Bill Bradley (D., N.J.) and Representative Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.) draw up a bipartisan Bradley-Kemp Bill to prohibit elected officials from engaging in this shopworn tomfoolery? That done, our lawmakers could then address themselves to a proposal that *Washington Post* political columnist David S. Broder advanced last week, with tongue perhaps slightly in cheek, as a way of combating voter apathy. Broder pointed out that general-election campaigns now start building to a climax at a time when voters are distracted by the World Series, midseason high school, college and NFL football games and the start of the NBA and NHL seasons. Hypothesizing that the steady decline in voter turnout over the past two decades has been "inversely proportional to the increase in gate receipts for the four fall sports," Broder urged that presidential campaigns henceforth begin at about the time of the Kentucky Derby in May, with Election Day scheduled for the first Tuesday following the Fourth of July weekend. In this way, Broder suggested, the patriotic fervor associated with the holiday might swell the turnout, after which Americans could "turn with a clear conscience to picnics, summer vacations—and the baseball season."

Remember your priorities now, Washington *First*, deal with those silly bets, *then* move Election Day to July.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

It wasn't long ago that the ballplayers in a World Series *cared* what their financial take would be: typically, it was $7,412 for each loser, $10,048 for each winner—numbers like that. The loot for the 1980 Series will be much more substantial: roughly $40,000 for each Phillie and $30,000 for each Royal, depending on *how many shares each club votes*, but these sums are often rendered less important, relatively speaking, by today's vastly higher salaries. For instance, Pete Rose, who draws an $800,000 salary, said he didn't give a hoot about his Series share. He probably wasn't putting anyone on, either. A year ago, remember, Rose was awarded $23,000 by Aqua Velva for the longest hitting streak in the majors, and he gave the money to Phillie coaches.

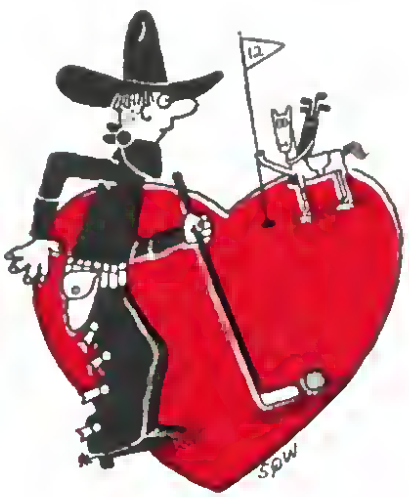
"You know what?" Rose said of his Series take. "Now I like to play the World Series for the little guys—the clubhouse guys, the coaches, the bat boys. In Cincinnati we sent three or four kids to college off the Series."

There's a sort of noblesse oblige to those words that could evaporate the moment some smart lawyer figures out how to turn the Series into a tax shelter for players in Rose's bracket. But it's pleasant to contemplate that a kind of play-for-fun purity might have been present in the World Series and that, moreover, those accursed skyrocketing salaries everybody talks about were responsible.

PAGING DR. DeBAKEY

The heart of Texas, that fabled spot where the stars at night are big and bright, isn't as easy to locate as you might think. The U.S. Interior Department's Geological Survey says the geographical center of the state is 15 miles northeast of Brady, but Chamber of Commerce types in Waco, 100 miles to the east, like to apply the phrase "heart of Texas" to their immediate area. Now comes the golf-course designer, Robert Trent Jones Jr., to confuse the issue further.

Jones has been working on a new course at the Mill Creek Golf and Country Club in Salado (pop. 400), which, if you've got a map handy, you'll see is situated roughly between Waco and Austin. Tired of trying to explain where the Mill Creek course is, Jones began telling people it was in "the heart of Texas." Fancifully, he then designed the 12th



green in the shape of a heart. That made the course Jones' most notable creation since one he designed in Egypt dubbed "The Sphinx Links." Inspired by their heart-shaped green, Mill Creek's owners pulled some strings in Governor William P. Clements Jr.'s office, which paid off handsomely when the course was dedicated the other day. A state official was on hand for the ceremony and read a memorandum from Clements officially designating the 12th green, for the occasion, "the heart of Texas." Then everybody went clap-clap-clap.

SOMETHING FOR STAY-AT-HOMES

Under existing off-track betting schemes, horseplayers can do their wagering at neighborhood betting parlors (New York) or in theaters to which races are beamed via closed-circuit TV (Connecticut). Either way, horsemen and racetrack operators complain that OTB hurts

continued

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both track attendance and pari-mutuel handles. Now William King, president of Louisville Downs harness track, is fighting back. He's offering what may be the ultimate in OTB, a plan under which bettors will be able to watch a full card of races on television at home and place their bets by telephone—with the track handling the action.

King's innovation, called Dial-a-Bet, has been approved by the Kentucky Harness Racing Commission and is due to take effect at the start of Louisville Downs' winter meeting on Feb. 3. Under a deal with Louisville-based Communication Properties Inc., King has leased a cable-TV channel on which he plans to telecast at least 10 races every night, interspersed with instructions on reading the charts, interviews with horsemen and similar features. The stay-at-home horseplayer must open a cash account at Louisville Downs. He then will be assigned a code number. To bet on a race, he'll call the track and give his number to a clerk, who'll approve the transaction after verifying that the caller has sufficient funds on deposit to cover the bet. No credit will be allowed.

The Kentucky attorney general's office says bettors living in the state apparently would be violating no laws by dealing with Dial-a-Bet, though it is less certain about those who might phone in from neighboring states. Confident that Dial-a-Bet will catch on at other tracks, King told the Louisville *Courier-Journal*'s Billy Reed, "This is the answer to OTB. OTB is handled by a bunch of politicians, local yokels who get tremendous salaries. This way the horsemen get their money, the state gets its money, the track gets its money."

TOP O' THE WEEK TO YOU

Congratulations are in order to Notre Dame, which holds down the No. 1 spot in the Midwest in SI's college football rankings for the fourth straight week (*page 68*). As reader John P. Schmitt of Indianapolis notes, this is the first time in quite a while—since 1971, to be exact—that the Irish have been tops in the Midwest. What's even more surprising about this nine-year hiatus is that only four teams had held down the No. 1 spot during all that time: Oklahoma, Nebraska, Ohio State and Michigan. Herm Weiskopf, who compiles our weekly rankings, says, "As good as Notre Dame may have been in any given week, one of those four always seemed to be better."

To be sure, the Irish have exhibited an uncanny knack for moving up in the national polls with victories in bowl games, which, as it happens, are played after our weekly ratings are discontinued. It was as a consequence of New Year's Day wins, for example, that the Associated Press named the Irish national champions for both 1973 and 1977. But, never mind . . . they've already been congratulated for *that*.

LEAVING HIS MARK

Muhammed Ali didn't become a four-time world champion, but he did make it into the latest edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, that 125-year-old reference work that includes the words of such other oracles as Shakespeare, Milton and Coleridge. Emily Morison Beck, the current editor of the book created by Massachusetts bookseller John Bartlett, found the following Ali-isms worthy of inclusion in the 15th edition, which was published three days before the Las Vegas fight:

"I am the greatest." *Slogan, inspired by wrestler* Gorgeous George.

"Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee." *Boxing credo devised by aide Drew 'Bundini' Brown.*

"Not only do I knock 'em out, I pick the round." *Statement (December 1962).*

"Keep asking me no matter how long/On the war in Vietnam I sing this song/I ain't got no quarrel with the Viet Cong." *On the draft (February 1966).*

Ali's utterances aren't the only ones from the world of sport that have found their way into *Bartlett's*. The 14th edition, published in 1968, included Leo Durocher's observation that "nice guys finish last" and Satchel Paige's admonition, "Don't look back. Something may be gaining on you." The new edition goes further, fairly bursting with sports-related entries. "The general public is very high on sports," says Beck. "We searched around to find popular sayings that have come out of sport." A sampling of other entries:

"The game isn't over till it's over." (Yogi Berra)

"Who's on first, What's on second, I Don't Know is on third." (Abbott and Costello)

"I'll moider de bum." (Tony Galento)

"Show me a good and gracious loser and I'll show you a failure." (Knute Rockne)

"Win this one for the Gipper." (Rockne again)

The book also includes, for the first time, lines by Kipling painted over the main staircase at Wimbledon ("If you can meet Triumph and Disaster/And treat those two impostors just the same"), partial lyrics from Jack Norworth's song *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, and Grantland Rice's paean to Notre Dame's 1924 backfield ("Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again . . ."). Another entry is the anonymous line, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing." Anonymous? According to a footnote, that famous line is improperly credited to Vince Lombardi. What Lombardi *did* say: "Winning isn't everything, but wanting to win is."

As for Ali, his four entries leave him somewhat behind Shakespeare's 1,917. But he did move ahead of George Orwell and Saul Bellow, who are cited three times apiece, and John Steinbeck, who is quoted twice.

HARNESSING NOLAN

A recent issue of *Energy and Resources Newsletter*, an interdepartmental publication at the University of California, posed the following questions: 1) How much kinetic energy is in a Nolan Ryan fastball? 2) How many Nolan Ryan fastballs would it take to meet the nation's annual energy demand? After inadvertently publishing incorrect answers, the newsletter now appears to have straightened things out. When Ryan throws a five-ounce baseball at 100 mph, he generates 140 joules, or, roughly, .13 BTUs. And it would take 5.9×10^{17} such pitches to provide 79 quads, enough energy to illuminate our cities, power our factories and keep our automobile engines humming for a year.

It should be pointed out that, like oil and natural gas, Ryan's right arm is, alas, a non-renewable resource.

THEY SAID IT

• Magic Johnson, asked what he had learned in 100 games of playing with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar: "Give him the ball."

• Jim Zorn of the Seattle Seahawks, expounding on the perils of being a running quarterback in the NFL: "You have to know when and how to go down. The key is to have a fervent desire to be in on the next play." **END**



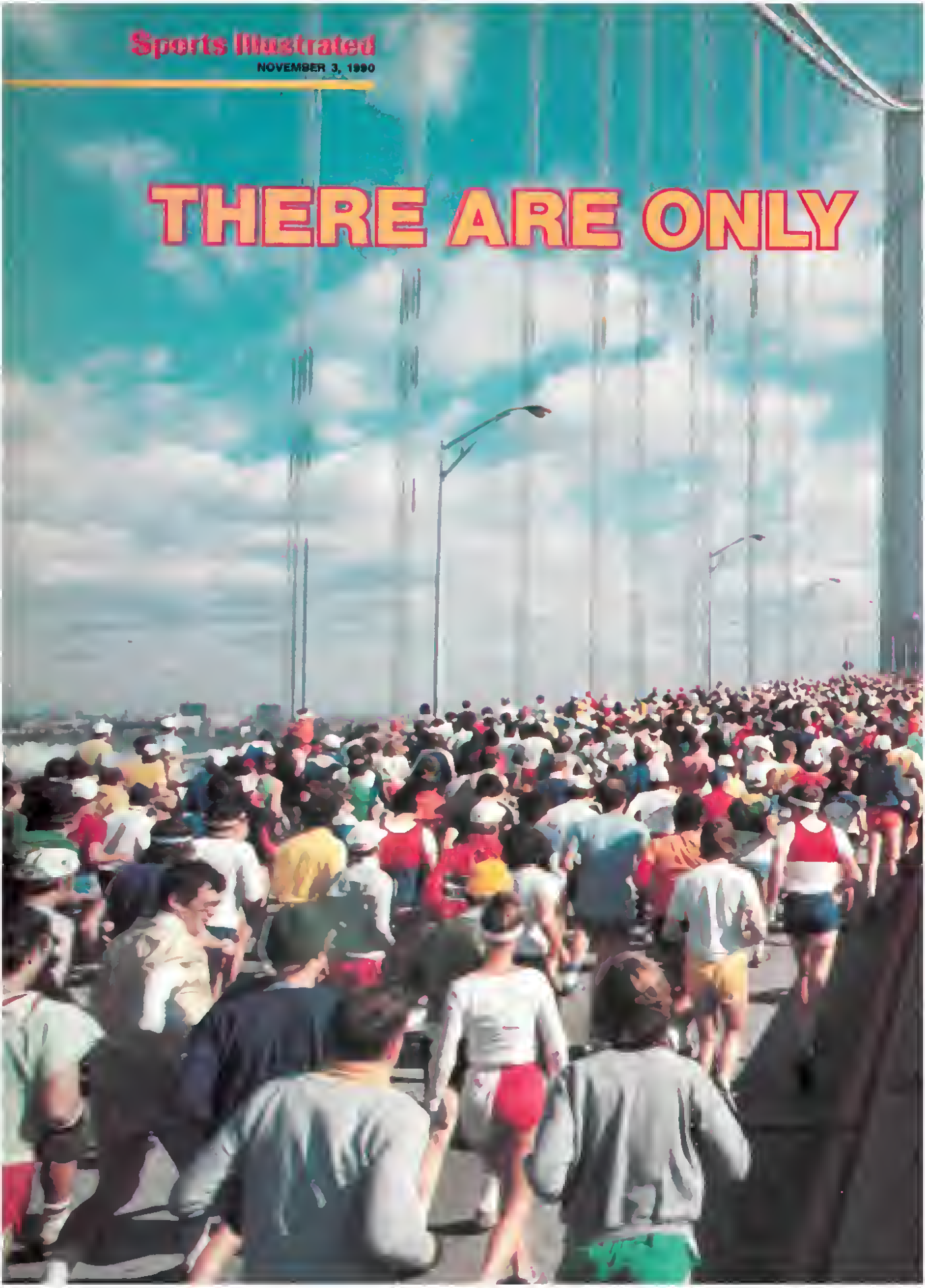
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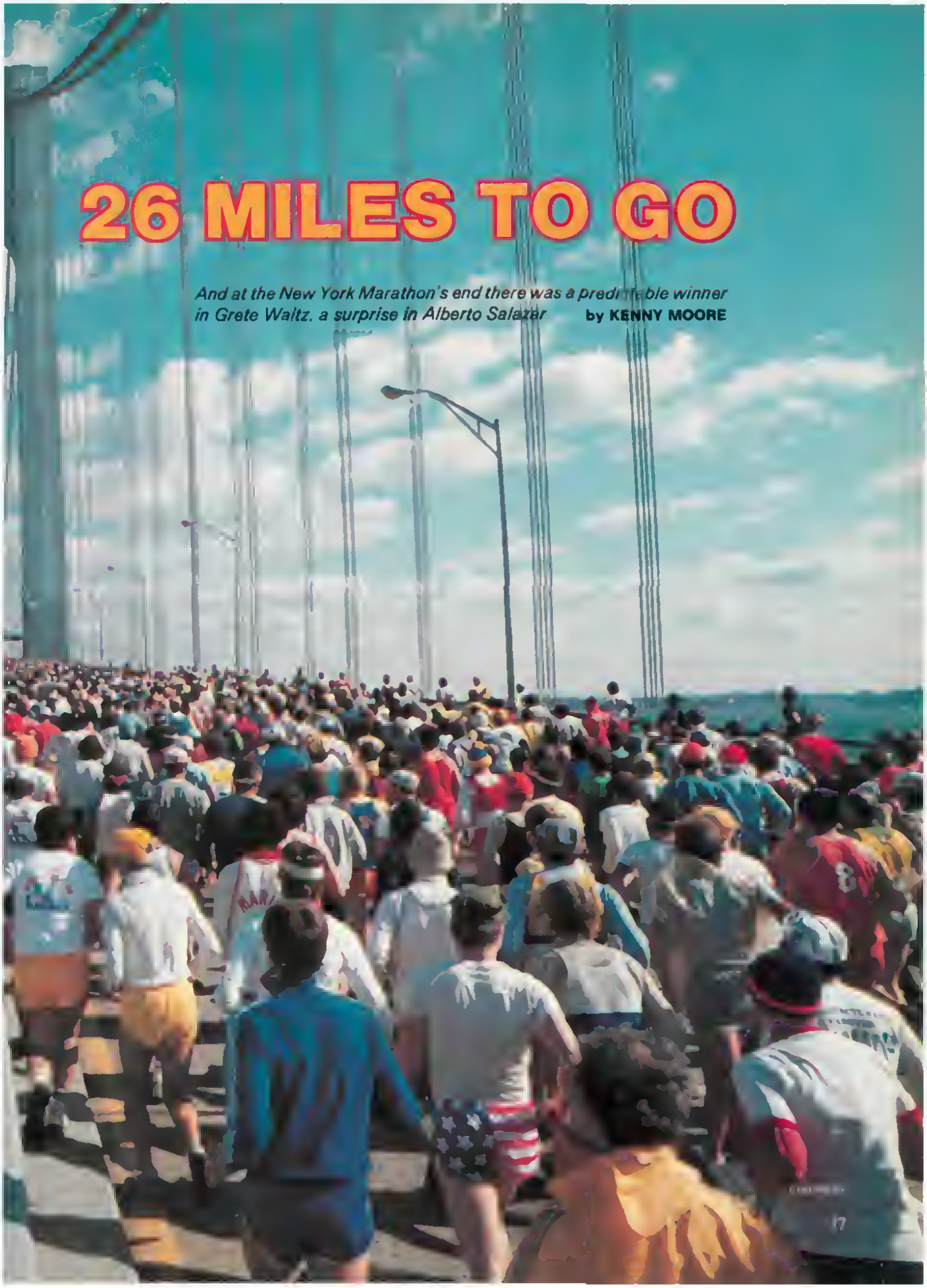
THERE ARE ONLY



26 MILES TO GO

And at the New York Marathon's end there was a predictable winner in Grete Waitz, a surprise in Alberto Salazar

by KENNY MOORE



Bill Rodgers is 32 years old and has won the Boston and New York marathons four times apiece. Alberto Salazar is 22 years old, and before last Sunday and the 11th running of the New York race he had never entered a marathon, though he was the second-fastest American at 10,000 meters this year, at 27:49.3. Both are from Massachusetts, and both are exceedingly confident men, which led to a most spirited prerace exchange for usually mild marathoners.

"I feel capable of a 2:10," Salazar had said, a pointed remark because Rodgers' New York record, set in 1976, was 2:10:09, "and I'd like to—I intend to—beat Billy Rodgers at his own game."

"There are 20 miles out there after Alberto is used to stopping. He's going to learn something in them," Rodgers said after hearing of Salazar's remarks. "And I'm firm on one point: no rookie is going to beat me."

Cooler than ever, Waitz set another world mark.



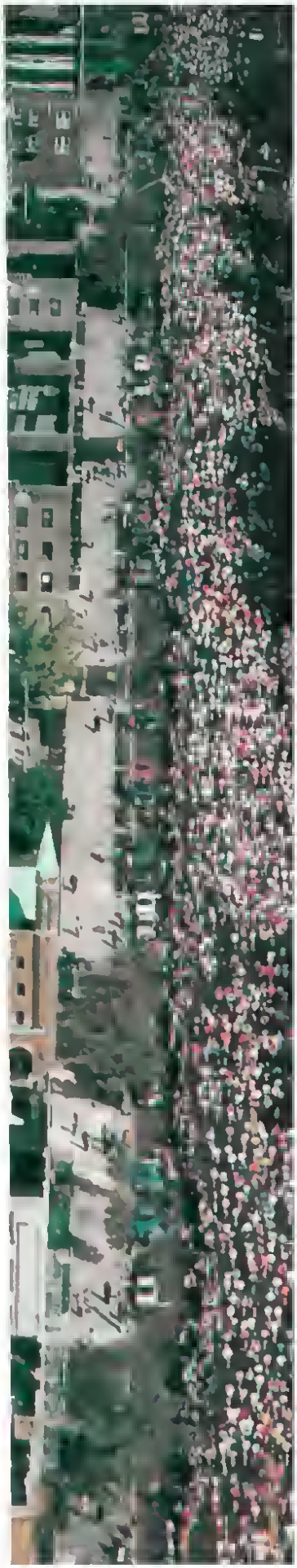
It is more normal to hear marathoners sounding like Norway's Grete Waitz, who, though she had set world records in the last two New York marathons, rejected any attempt at clairvoyance. "You can't predict a record," she said before the start. "I'm running for the victory. It's hard enough to predict that."

In New York it was hard for the top contenders just to get through the welter of press conferences and expositions and corporate receptions that comes so easily to the media capital when it has a movement on the rise thrust at it. Thus there was a sublime relief in the hearts of many of the 14,000 runners as they took off at the toll plaza of the Verrazano Narrows Bridge and climbed the first mile to the span's summit with the chill (45°) wind, which gusted to 35 mph, at their backs, a crystalline view of the Manhattan skyline to their left, rainbows beneath them from fire boats spraying water in celebration of their passage, and all the film crews and meet promoters left blissfully behind with the "world's longest urinal" at the marshaling area. Two hundred feet must not have been quite long enough. Several men stepped to the railing in midspan and created the world's highest—228 feet.

Fank Nenshun of the Peoples Republic of China led for the first three miles, while Rodgers and Salazar stayed in a huge pack. "My plan was just to keep close," said Salazar. "I hoped to have something left for the last six miles." The pace was fast, but easy. "The wind just threw you along," said Rodgers, "but it scared me a little. I was afraid we'd get lulled into battle too early."

That appeared to be a possibility as Filbert Bayi, the former mile world-record holder, led two fellow Tanzanians quickly up to Nenshun as they ran past overcoated spectators in Brooklyn. Salazar alertly kept close, having tossed aside the T shirt he had worn over his University of Oregon singlet at the start. Salazar has one track season of eligibility left at Oregon, but none for fall cross-country, "so I thought this would be a perfect time to try the marathon."

Despite doing no training run longer than 20 miles, Salazar had to be taken seriously, for he sets himself no task lightly. "He will win," said his father, Jose, who brought the Salazar family to Way-



Fourteen thousand strong, the runners rambled through the Big Apple to enthusiastic applause.

land, Mass. from Havana in 1960, when Alberto was two. "He has always called the outcome, and he has always done it."

Waitz had led all women from the gun, the wind blowing her pigtails around into her eyes. Patti Catalano, who holds all American records from five miles to the marathon, drew up beside her. "I thought, I'm not here to be intimidated by her," said Catalano, "so I went by. But at five miles I heard my time of 27:03—awfully fast. I was afraid of blowing up at the end." Catalano eased, and Waitz went on, never to be headed again. She hit halfway at 1:12:30, world-record pace, looking serene. "I wasn't calmer, I was cooler," she said later. "The last two years have been hot."

After seven miles the lead pack was down to perhaps 30 men, 10 of whom led at one time or another. Rodgers was easily identifiable by his fluffy lemon-and-green stocking cap. He was relieved that there seemed plenty of elbow room because with the wind behind, there was no need for runners to draft along on someone else's back.

Behind, that great field stretched back for miles, filling the street to the horizon. It was an arresting vision, this moving city of 14,000 running souls, and it couldn't help but provoke a stream of thoughts. First, one simply marveled at the raw figures, the 20,000 entrants turned away to wait for another year, the 1,142 lawyers and 546 doctors running, the 2,000 foreign entries representing 43 countries; the 2,500 volunteers who readied 450,000 drinking cups and who had used 130 gallons of blue paint to put down the line that drew the throng through the five boroughs.

A New York Telephone Company computer revealed that there were 168 company presidents competing, but only 166 construction workers; that 300 intersections were closed; that its own printout of the results would be 70 yards long. It showed that as the mass of the field has grown, the percentage of finishers hasn't suffered, going from 71% of 1976's 2,090 starters to 91% of last year's 11,405 (90% of this year's starters would hang in to the end). It reminded us that in 1970 but one woman ran, Nina Kuscsik, though she didn't finish. This year there were 2,465, of whom only 10 asked for extra-large T shirts.

The conductor of this vast symphony, as ever, was Fred Lebow of the New York Road Runners Club, who had easily disposed of all the usual problems in the weeks leading up to the race, and some not so usual. When Jordache jeans offered to put up $250,000 in prize money, with $100,000 for the winner, Lebow sought approval from The Athletics Congress, which told him that if the athletes' amateur standing was to be preserved, the money would have to be awarded to (read funneled through) their clubs. The freshly formed Association of Road Racing Athletes then protested that arrangement as perpetuating the hypocrisy of under-the-table payments and said its members, including Rodgers, would boycott if such a plan were put into practice. So Lebow decided there would be no prize money. "We just didn't have enough time to create a plan that all the sides could live with," he said, firmly implying that next year would be different.

A far more elemental crisis blew out of the Atlantic on the day before the race. A storm dropped 1.54 inches of rain on New York City, and winds up to 50 mph blew down a tent in the starting area. Lebow fretted about the three-quarter mile carpet that crews were about to lay across the open grating of the Queensboro Bridge at the 15-mile point. "We don't know what's worse, running in high winds on soaked carpet or on slick grating," he said. Finally he judged the carpet was such an unknown variable that it might be dangerous and vetoed it.

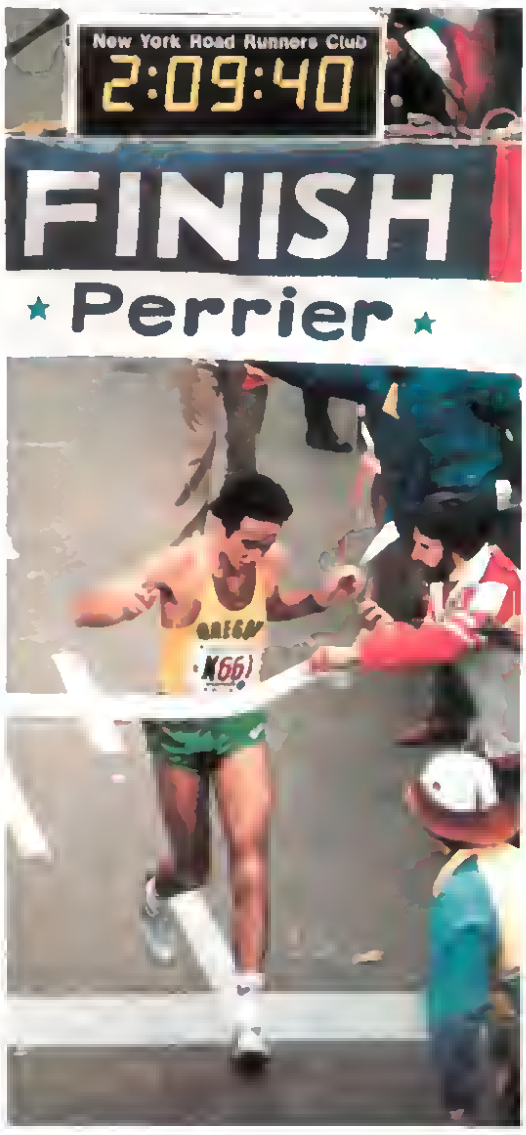
But the sight of the 14,000 as they passed through a dismal industrial district in Queens toward what turned out to be a perfectly dry bridge inspired more than interest in the logistics of their welfare. Watchers were struck again with the satisfyingly democratic observation that in a marathon the weak and faint and lame get right out on the same road with the species' finest runners, and in New York they do it with the vocal help of about two million curbside assistants. "We're all devout marathoners here," said Parks Commissioner Gordon Davis, "even those of us who don't run a step." Since most viewers only got to see the runners once, they howled as if it were the homestretch, even if 20 miles remained. "This would be a hell of a spectator sport," said Jim Dunaway of Tenafly, N.J. as he labored toward his goal of completing the race in four hours, "if somebody invented a truck that would carry 60,000 people."

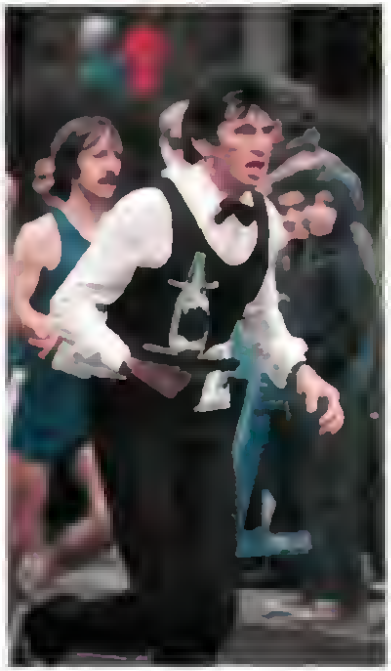
Yet for all their sharing of the asphalt, the runners soon divided themselves. Up front, nearest Rodgers and Salazar and Waitz and Catalano, were athletes born to run long distances. Behind came those persuaded in more complicated fashions. Few humans need run more than six miles at a time for the optimum health benefit, but marathoning in this country has little to do with health. Rather it has become a very literal rite of passage. Through this test the determined thousands seem to stride their way to what some know as therapy and others as chemical release (running has been shown to increase pain-blocking hormones in the brain), and still others as an enduring sense of worth that comes from keeping a promise to oneself and mastering this brute, daunting distance.

Powerful forces can be set loose in these people, and no one knows that better than New York officials. "One woman told me, 'My life is nothing, the marathon is all I'm living for,' " said Gloria

continued

Salazar won his first marathon in a race record





Not all promotions stopped at the starting line

Then at 14 miles, Dick Beardsley of Excelsior, Minn. stumbled on a Queens pothole and went down, tripping Rodgers. Beardsley was up quickly, but Rodgers stayed on the road long enough to lose 80 yards. He finally rose with skinned knees and resumed, but off the bridge was still back in 10th. Across the grating, watching the wind-scoured water hundreds of feet below, the pack drastically rearranged itself. With 10 miles to go, the three front-runners were John Graham, 24, of Birmingham, England, running his third marathon; Rodolfo Gomez, 30, of Mexico, who had led the Moscow Olympic marathon until the final five miles and had finished second to Waldemar Cierpinski; and Salazar. The crowds were thick outside the East Side singles bars, and Salazar felt a rush. "I was tempted to take off right then," he said. "I had to hold myself back." He carefully placed himself behind the other two and settled down to wait, his dark eyes hooded.



Catalano got herself pumped up and broke 2:30

Averbuch of the Road Runners Club. "Another said finishing was 'more gratifying than the births of my three children.'" Lebow has had threats of suicide if he will not accept an entry, and last year received a note from a woman who said she had a brain tumor and only a few months to live. Lebow let her in. Her name was Rosie Ruiz.

Waitz had smiled at the carnival attending the race. "In New York you can go out in the street and watch the people and be wonderfully entertained," she said. All through Manhattan she returned the favor. "It only looked easy," she said later. "I was suffering. I felt a cramp coming in my left thigh with six miles to go. I just said, 'Now forget about the time, just be first woman.'" Even so, she barely slowed. "It has to do with your will, and how much pain you put in your running," she said, seeming the stern schoolteacher she is. "At 23 miles I saw the time of 2:08 and I knew I had a chance to break the record."

Salazar had known his chances to win were very good as the leaders leaned through two lefts off the Queensboro Bridge and headed up First Avenue in Manhattan. Steve Floto of Boulder, Colo. had led strongly by 40 yards at the halfway point, in a rapid 1:04:42. Salazar and Jeff Wells of Dallas had led the pack of close contenders, now down to 20.



Rodgers' knees were barked, his streak broken

At 20 miles, Salazar and Gomez realized that they had met before, and shook hands, exchanging a word or two in Spanish. Salazar began to feel the need for a faster pace. "The only guy in the field I knew I'd have a hard time beating if it came down to the last half or quarter mile was Rodolfo," he said. So Salazar ran the 21st mile up some stiff hills in 4:57. Graham dropped off, and suddenly this was a very Latin affair.

Gomez stayed on Salazar's back, thinking that the headwind they faced as they turned south for the run into Central Park was hurting him a lot more than it had helped when it was pushing. He is a bounding runner, slighter than the six-foot, 144-pound Salazar, and his expression occasionally seemed frantic at the effort it took to stay near.

Salazar runs like no one so much as Bake McBride, with a kind of hunched posture and low knee lift, but the middle of one's footstep is where the most power lies, and against the wind Salazar moved easily away: by 10 yards at the 21½-mile refreshment station, by 40 yards at 22 miles, by 100 yards as he entered Central Park with three miles to go. "I knew I would win then," he said later. "It was a different feeling from a hard race on the track. There you hurt most of the way. Here it was really bad only the last two miles. I was surprised.

I thought I'd have to kill myself to do 2:10." He ran through swirling dry leaves to finish in 2:09:41, clipping 28 seconds from Rodgers' course record and becoming the only other American ever to go under 2:10. In addition it was also the fastest first marathon ever run.

Rodgers himself hadn't lost hope after his fall. He worked himself into seventh with nine miles to go, and fifth with six. "I felt good to 20 or 21 miles, but I struggled then, had to grind. People would shout, 'He's got two minutes on you,' and I would think, 'If he's got that, he'll break my American record.' It was agonizing."

Gomez held second in 2:10:14, Graham took third in 2:11:47, Wells was fourth in 2:12:00, and Rodgers finished fifth in 2:13:21. The first thing he did when it was over was ask Salazar's time. Learning it, he reeled back. "It's shocking when a guy runs 2:09:41 in his first try," he said. "I've run more than 30, and I've only run one faster than that. And it took me three years to learn how to run the thing . . ." It seemed he walked away more battered by the significance of Salazar's run than by his own fatigue.

Jack Waitz, Grete's husband, waited at the 25-mile mark, where he knew she would need him. He called to her that she was on record pace, to keep on enduring. "I thought, 'Oh, you should know how tired I am,' " Grete said later. "If it feels like that, I know one of these a year is enough."

She crossed the line in 2:25:42, a minute and 51 seconds better than her record, in 74th place overall, then was embraced by the long and none too tender arms of the police, who hustled her to the interview area. "I have not had a moment to think, to feel anything but crushed by people," she said, growing faint.

Catalano had run the first 16 miles accompanied by her husband and coach, Joe. He then took a shortcut to the 24-mile mark. With Waitz out of sight, Catalano's goal was to become the second woman ever to break 2:30. "With two miles to go I looked at my watch," said Joe. "I saw that in order for her to make it, she had to keep a 6:30 pace. I yelled, 'Six-thirty! Six-thirty!' and she got pumped."

"I'm no sprinter," said Patti, "but when I got near the end and saw the clock reading 2:29:20, hoo, I ran as hard as I ever could." She reached the finish line with a face that showed all the toil of the previous hours, and all the reward, as she was timed in 2:29:34, lowering her American record by 1:23.

The winners were gathered in the sudden warmth and gentility of the Tavern on the Green and began to reflect. Waitz and Salazar chatted, finding themselves kindred spirits, both saying they would not run again in a marathon for a year, both asserting the importance in long races of training and racing on the track, both equally calm, equally sure. Here they were, the woman who has cut the world women's record by 8:30 in the last two years and brought it to a point 37 minutes faster than it was in 1970, and the man who clearly has the best chance to break the men's record of Australia's Derek Clayton (2:08:34), which has stood since 1969. And they seemed alike, too, in both carefully rationing a deep reservoir of discipline that only they can judge.

Salazar might have spoken for both of them when he said, "I don't want to add to the myth of the marathon. It's just a distance, not a shrine. I didn't think you had to run it a lot to run it well. But everybody told me you did. 'It's different, Alberto,' they would say, 'those last miles.' It wasn't that much different from the pain I've known before. I don't think I proved anything to myself, but I imagine I did to a lot of others." **END**

The runners looked like medieval knights as they emerged from the timing chutes wrapped in silver Mylar blankets to ward off the bone chilling wind gusts



THE BATTLE OF BOPHUTHATSWANA

A phony South African republic wes the setting for the first title defense of WBA heevyweight champion Mike Weaver, who withstood Gerrie Coetzee's hardest shots before knocking the challenger out with a humongous right **by PAT PUTNAM**

A few weeks ago Larry Holmes, who owns half of the heavyweight championship, was paid something like $2.5 million for beating up an old man in a parking lot in Las Vegas. At the time, it seemed that one would have to go a long way to find a more *outré* place to stage a prizefight. Well, last Saturday Mike Weaver, who owns the other half of the title, did. He earned about the same amount of money for punching out a dental technician on the site of an ancient tribal burial ground in a volcanic crater in a flag-of-convenience republic in South Africa called Bophuthatswana.

Besides the loot, Weaver got to keep the WBA crown that had once belonged to Muhammad Ali, the man battered by Holmes in Vegas. Between the reigns of Ali and Weaver there had been John Tate, but last March 31 he was separated from both his senses and his title by Weaver in Knoxville, Tenn. Far behind on points in the 15th and final round, Weaver had won by means of a whistling left hook with but 45 seconds remaining. At the time he'd said he was just a slow starter. Everyone else said he was lucky. But no one will say the 6′ 1″, 210-pound Weaver was lucky this time, having had Gerrie Coetzee's 226½ pounds draped over him for much of a graceless battle before the South African was counted out at 1:49 of the 13th round.

Coetzee was agape at the fury of Weaver's fists

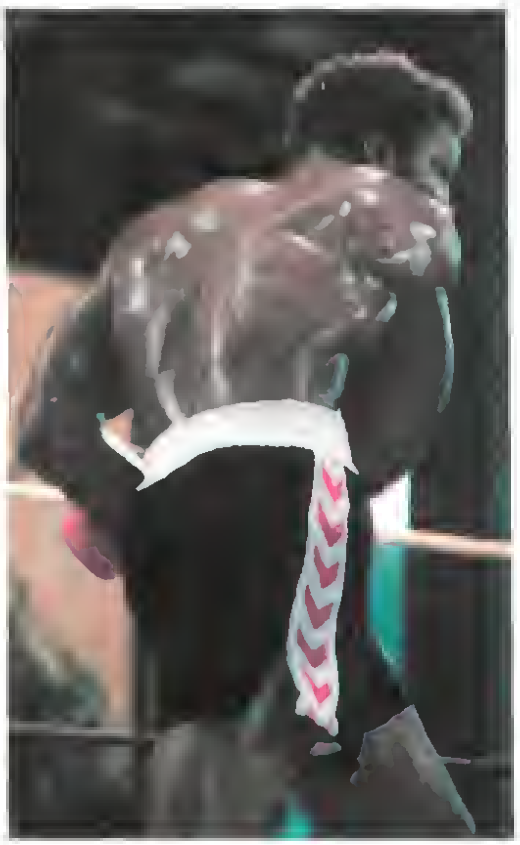


It was Coetzee's 25th pro fight, his second for a world title, and never before had he been off his feet, much less out. And this time when the end came Weaver was leading on all three official cards. He had earned that edge with his fists. In an effort to make sure the fight would be judged by no other criteria, CBS, which telecast it from the budding gambling resort called Sun City, had delivered a stern warning. In a 1½-hour meeting with WBA President Rodrigo Sanchez, Mort Sharnik, the network's boxing overseer, had said CBS would stand for nothing less than an honest verdict. In the past some WBA officials have left a lot to be desired.

For his part, Weaver said he didn't care how the officials' arithmetic came out—"just as long as the referee can count to 10." In the past the 28-year-old former Marine had always trained as an afterthought, if he thought of training at all. But for his first title defense he had put in five weeks at high altitude in Lake Tahoe, where he sparred 220 rounds. At 5,000-foot-high Sun City, in the final four weeks before the bout, he had worked another 180 rounds and had run six miles daily on a golf course—until the day he spotted a band of toothy baboons that had climbed the eight-foot-high elephant fence that separates the southern perimeter of the resort area from a 150-square-mile game preserve. After that, Weaver did his running on the roads.

Until 18 months ago there had been no roads to run. Sun City-to-be was then a barren area ringed by the brown Pilansberg Mountains. Enter Southern Sun Hotels, run by the South African entrepreneur Sol Kerzner, in full partnership with the three-year-old Bophuthatswana government. Now the Pilanni tribesmen who had been laid to rest in the crater of the extinct volcano sleep beneath a blend of Las Vegas, Pebble Beach and Forest Hills architecture. But full civilization will not be realized until December, when craps tables will be delivered.

But pleasure exacts a price. For desecrating the burial ground, Kerzner was told by Simon Lieschi, a resident witch doctor, that he must drink the blood of an ox in order to remove the curse he had incurred. There is, however, the suspicion that Kerzner may have found a more palatable exorcism. When he isn't witch doctoring, Lieschi now moon-



The beginning of the end: in the 13th round Weaver's blow to th

lights as a security guard in Sun City.

As part of its promotional plan, Sun City put up $2.5 million and erected a temporary 18,000-seat arena. Weaver was paid $2.2 million plus 40% of the TV money negotiated by promoter Bob Arum. As the No. 1-ranked challenger, Coetzee was paid only $150,000, but he said the money was secondary. It was the title he coveted.

And there were moments in the bout when it appeared that Coetzee, whose only defeat had been at the hands of Tate last year, would appropriate Weaver's crown. The burly South African had stunned ex-WBA heavyweight champion Leon Spinks and a young Ohio fighter, Mike Koranicki, with first-round knockouts after his loss to Tate, and he came out smoking against Weaver.

Firing big right hands at the slow-moving champion, Coetzee easily won the first two rounds. He was helped by the fact that Weaver was partially blinded by the liniment someone had rubbed onto Coetzee's chest and broad shoulders. Between rounds, Weaver's cornermen, manager Don Manuel and trainers Ray Barnes and Johnny Tocco, worked frantically to cleanse the champion's eyes.

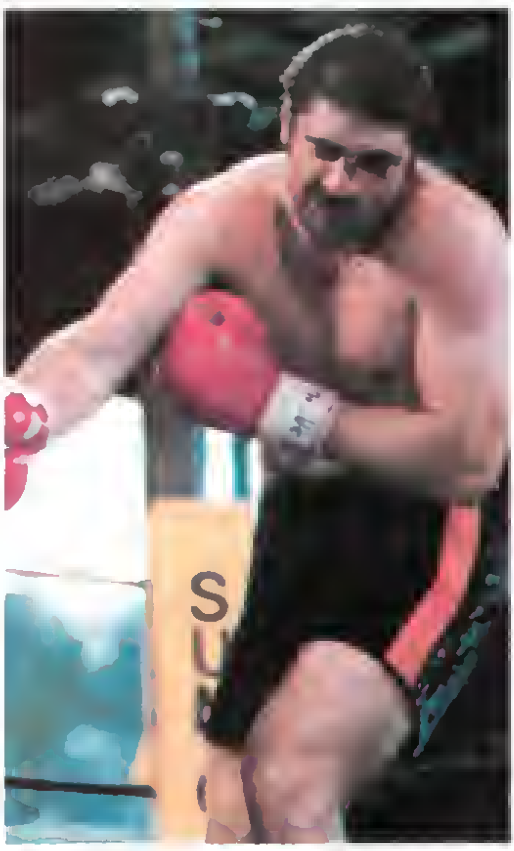
When Coetzee realized he wasn't going to get to the champion quickly, he phased into Plan 2: throw a few no-harm jabs, followed by a more serious right and then wrestle Weaver into the ropes. The referee, Jesus Celis, a Venezuelan, proved to be totally incapable of controlling the fight and performed in general as though he were working a pro wrestling match. Weaver, in fact, seemed to be the only man in the ring who understood that this was a boxing bout, and he began to score steadily with both powerful hands. At this, Coetzee's grab-and-hold tactics became more desperate.

The turning point came in disguise, when Coetzee exploded a savage right hand against Weaver's jaw midway through the eighth round. Few men could have stood up under such a blow. But Weaver weathered it, and as Coetzee went back to his corner, he had the look of a man who had fired his biggest cannons and had left the enemy unscathed. Certainly nothing in the ninth round, in which Coetzee seemed content to let Weaver regain his senses, dispelled that impression.

The 10th round was uneventful, but in the 11th a short right hand, crisp and cutting, opened the bridge of Coetzee's nose. Twice in apparent panic the challenger wrestled Weaver to the ropes and crushed the champion backward, nearly sending him into the crowd.

In the following round, the same bullish tactic had Weaver snorting in anger until Celis finally got around to hauling Coetzee off. Suddenly a right uppercut by the champion snapped Coetzee's head back. The South African countered with another hug and another grab at the ropes.

During the one-minute rest period between rounds, Manuel ordered the champion to throw more right hands. "He's wide open, tear his damn head off," said the manager. Weaver responded, "Yeah, I'm sick of his grabbing."



ead sends Coetzee to the canvas for the first time in his career



Coetzee struggles up, too late to beat the count

Banging away from the start of the 13th, Weaver snapped Coetzee's head back again with a right and dug a hook deep into the tired body looming in front of him. Now stalking his confused foe, Weaver missed with a sweeping right hook, ignored one harmless jab, fired a straight left and followed in a flash with a smashing right hook to the head. Coetzee collapsed. He ended up on his back, his head thumping against the canvas. Slowly the South African rolled over. The silence of the crowd was chilling. At last Coetzee lurched upright, but too late. Celis signaled that he had failed to beat the count.

Celis' only other positive contribution was to have Weaver ahead at that point 117–113. Panamanian judge Amadeo Cedano had the champion on top by just two points, while Ove Ovesson of Denmark had Weaver in front by but one, which made one wonder what fight they were scoring.

Later Weaver said Coetzee had talked to him throughout the fight. "He kept yelling, 'I'm going to knock you out. I'm not tired.' I told him he'd already thrown his best shots and I was still there. Then he kept saying he wasn't hurt. I just laughed and asked him why he was staggering. All he wanted to do was talk and hug." Coetzee might have been wiser to order up an ox-blood cocktail. **END**



HE KEPT TUGGING AWAY AT THE HEARTSTRINGS

The World Series was good to the very last pitch, with which Tug McGraw fanned K.C.'s Willie Wilson, and then all Philadelphia went bonkers **by RON FIMRITE**

Police dogs were led along the foul lines to guard posts opposite the lower box seats. Helmeted riot-squad cops crouched taut and ready behind the dugouts. Stadium security police roamed the stands in search of incipient stampeders. And in the bullpens beyond the outfield fences, mounted patrolmen girded themselves to ride to the rescue of players and turf. Tug McGraw took in the unfolding spectacle from his vantage point atop the Veterans Stadium mound and said to himself, "This is a helluva show. I better not ruin it."

The forces of law and order in Philadelphia were preparing themselves for the riot that would signal the end of the 1980 World Series. It was a riot that, mostly because of their intimidating presence, never occurred. But McGraw faced real danger. There were two outs in the ninth inning and his team was leading the Kansas City Royals 4–1, but he had given up a walk and two hits and the bases were now loaded, with the potential winning run—in the person of Willie Wilson—at bat.

In crises such as these, McGraw looks beyond the playing field for solace and inspiration. "I look for a way to muster up some gusto" is the way he puts it. In a similarly critical juncture during the last series of the season with Montreal, he espied a man in the stands yawning. The incongruity of a fan fighting off sleep while his team was fighting for a pennant so amused and enraged McGraw that he quickly retired the side.

He needed something equally inspirational now as Wilson stepped in. This was McGraw's fourth appearance in the Series and his ninth in 11 postseason games, and he was exhausted. "My arm felt like it was going south on me," he said later. "It started to feel like when you bump your elbow on a corner and your hand gets numb."

Two little words said it all for McGraw and the Phillies as he addressed a very joyful citizenry

As he watched the German shepherds advance along the foul lines, McGraw found his theme. "What I am," he said to himself, chuckling, "is dog tired." He recalled the K-9 Corps of military history and laughed again. "I could really use a 'K' [the symbol for strikeout] right now," he thought. "This is no time to dog it." He was ready for Wilson.

McGraw is wrongly considered to be strictly a screwball pitcher. In fact, he has mastered the curve and the slider, and he has six different fastballs, each of which has its own name—the Bo Derek, for example, has "a nice little tail on it." "I'm a craftsman and an artist," McGraw says. "You have to be creative and crafty in pitching. I use all the tools."

He started Wilson off with a screwball, which was taken for a called strike. "I wanted to show Wilson I wasn't afraid to throw a breaking ball in that condition." His next pitch was a hard slider that broke in on Wilson, a switch hitter batting righthanded. "I was thinking he might be diving for the ball so I jammed him," McGraw explained. Wilson fouled the pitch back into the stands.

McGraw figured that Wilson would next expect him to waste a pitch. In the fifth game of the Series, McGraw had caught George Brett unawares in the same no-ball, two-strike situation and had struck him out looking at a John Jameson ("straight, the way I like my Irish whiskey") fastball on the outside corner. Against Wilson, McGraw said, "I reached back for my best fastball, but my arm dropped too much and the pitch ended up high for ball one."

The count was now one and two, so McGraw and his catcher, Bob Boone, de-

cided to wage a war of confusion on the hitter. Boone gave the sign for the screwball and McGraw shook him off. "In this situation, we'll go straight through the whole sequence of pitches," he said. "It's like a nickel slot machine—you watch it all roll by, then stop it. I stopped Boone on fastball. The chances were that Wilson would be looking for a breaking pitch, so I purposely slowed my motion in the beginning, then popped it at the finish. It all sounds so simple, and when it works, it almost is. Against [Willie] Aikens in the third game, it didn't work and he won the game for them [by hitting a 10th-inning single]. The pitch just wasn't where I wanted it. The picture was almost complete, and then the artist spilled paint on it."

The last pitch of the 1980 baseball season was a "slightly up" Jameson fastball on the inside part of the plate. Wilson swung at it and missed, and 65,838 Philadelphia baseball zealots shattered the pleasant night air with shrieks of joy and relief. The Phillies had won their first World Series after 98 years of trying. The dogs, horses and cops paced nervously below, but the fans stayed put and cheered. McGraw, whose victory dances had become as much a part of the Series as his postgame quips, jumped dutifully up and down, but he was facing third base, not home plate. "I was looking for Schmitty [Third Baseman Mike Schmidt]," he explained. "He told me to watch out because he was going to spread himself all over that pileup. I had to be ready for him. If you're not ready, you go down. But this time everyone arrived together. It was beautiful."

The outpouring of affection from his teammates moved McGraw to tears, which isn't surprising, because, like any respectable Irishman, he weeps copiously when he is happy. And this time he was happier than usual. He had been on a World Series winner with the Mets in 1969, but this one represented, as he put it, "the end of an incredible journey," one in which the Phillies came from behind in every playoff and World Series win except the last. McGraw was crying for the long-suffering fans of Philadelphia and for his teammates, who had built a reputation for themselves as *continued*



The master of the screwball, McGraw pitched in four Series games, winning one and saving two more



Victory accomplished. McGraw celebrates at home with his father Big Mac, brother Hank, mother-in-law Neva, daughter Caitlin, wife Phyllis and [illegible]

the grumpiest bunch of guys this side of an Army chow line.

McGraw had been regarded as something of a character since the day he joined the Phils in 1975 from the Mets. His exuberance and theatrical mannerisms—the thigh-slapping, the jumps for joy, the breast-beating—had made him a natural favorite of fans grown weary of dour performers. And his open manner and very nearly professional wit had endeared him to the media. McGraw was always good for a laugh. Asked during the Series if his arm had grown stiff from overwork, he replied snappily, "Yes. It's an ailment common to lefthanded relief pitchers who are Irish and drink a lot."

So the fans and the press loved him, and if there were any two sorts of people his teammates had not loved, they were the fans, who booed them, and the press, which criticized them. Tug had picked strange bedfellows.

McGraw was himself ill at ease in such downbeat company, and he was [illegible] aware that the other Phillies were [illegible]ing the, as he calls it, "Tug McGraw Show." "Tug was brought here to loosen up the club," his wife, Phyllis, says. "But he felt intimidated. He felt he couldn't be himself."

"One of the things that made me most uncomfortable," says Tug, "was the cynical, negative humor in the clubhouse. It seemed to me a little more malicious than normal. I realize that the players' relations with the fans were taxing and frustrating. The fans *are* tough here, but the players were equally guilty in their attitude. The same was true of the press. Sure, a lot of the ripping they got was unjustified, but the players were unreasonable in their inability to accept criticism. But what surprised me most was that they were tougher on each other. They'd go around bitching about the press ripping them and the fans booing them and then, in the clubhouse, the one private place where you'd expect some harmony, they'd be ripping each other. The criticism used to bounce around that place like marbles in a bathtub."

All that changed this season, in McGraw's view, for three reasons—Pete Rose, Dallas Green and a natural erosion of hostility. Rose, who is as exuberant on the field and as congenial off it as McGraw, helped show that fun has a place in the game. And Green, the *continued*



While Tug talks, Big Mac and Hank sift through newspapers and clip stories for a scrapbook

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Don Sherman, Car and Driver, July 1980

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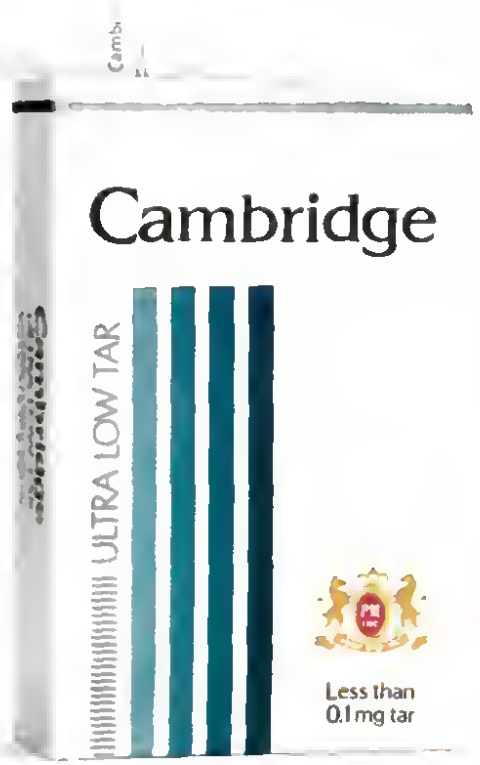
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relatively new manager, transferred the clubhouse carping to his office. "He got them off each other's backs," says Tug. "It was as if he were saying, 'Stop hating each other. Use it all on me.' "

Green would threaten even established veterans with demotion. He angered McGraw when he advised the press that Tug had better get off to a good start in 1980 or face a long summer of inactivity. "I'd had a great spring," says McGraw. "I went to Dallas and said, 'What's all this? You told me I was your lefthanded reliever.' Dallas just looked at me and said, 'Don't take things so literally. If we're going to win, there's not a guy on this team who won't have to get off to a good start.' I left the office saying, 'I'm going to show that sumbitch.' "

McGraw had a brilliant year—57 appearances, 20 saves, five wins, a 1.47 earned run average during the season; a win, a loss, two saves and a 1.17 ERA in the Series. And he finally achieved rapport with his teammates. "Take Bonesy [Larry Bowa]. He and I are emotional types, but his theory is that I can't be goofing around on the field the way I do and still be playing hard. He thinks you have to go out there gritting your teeth. Now he'll call to me and make this stirring motion with his hand, telling me to stir things up a little. In the past he never acted like that. And look at how he and Bull [Greg Luzinski] tipped their caps when the fans booed them in the first game of the playoffs. Ron Reed even did a cartwheel off the mound this year. A cartwheel! It's a part of this team that finally came to the surface. We finally got to understand each other."

McGraw likes that family feeling. He lives with Phyllis, their two children, Mark, eight, and Cari, seven, and his mother-in-law, Neva, in a 14-room, four-fireplace, mid-19th-century farmhouse in the lovely borough of Media, Pa., about half an hour by train from downtown Philadelphia. For all his talk of being an "All-Star in the Neon League," McGraw is a fierce family man. During the Series, his father, Frank, called Big Mac, brother Hank, cousin Donna and uncle Ted all stayed in the house. The whole family sat up past five in the morning after Tug struck out Wilson, having a few John Jamesons, laughing and crying, hugging and kissing. "We are an emotional family," says Big Mac.

McGraw has been "Tug" almost since his birth 36 years ago in Martinez, Calif., a small city east of San Francisco that has the further distinction of being the birthplace of Joe DiMaggio. "Tug's mother nursed all three of the boys," Frank McGraw explains, "and Tug, well, he . . . you know, tugged."

Tug's parents were divorced when he was seven, and his father raised the three boys—brother Dennis is 34—in another Bay Area city, Vallejo. Hank, a year and a half Tug's senior, was the original star athlete of the family, and he was idolized by his younger brother. Hank was the McGraw selected to play on all the top junior baseball teams in the area, but at his and their father's insistence, Tug was always included. He was an outfielder who yearned to be a pitcher, principally because Hank was a catcher. He finally got his chance, in rather typical Tuggian fashion, as a member of the St. Vincent's High School junior varsity team. "We had a coach, Father Feehan, who was about 80 and could hardly see," Tug says. "We also had a lefthanded pitcher, Bob Hay, who was having arm problems and wanted to play in the outfield. So before one game we switched uniform tops and he went to centerfield and I pitched the whole game. Father Feehan never knew the difference until I got up real close to him after the game."

McGraw was only 5'9" and 150 pounds when he completed his second season with the Vallejo J.C. varsity, but Hank, then playing for the Mets farm team in Salinas, Calif., persuaded the parent organization to give Tug a tryout in 1964. The next season he was pitching for Casey Stengel in New York. Four years later and 35 pounds heavier, he was the star reliever for the 1969 World Champions. And four years after that he was the "You Gotta Believe" spokesman for the 1973 Mets pennant winners.

Successful though he has been in baseball, McGraw is perpetually in search of a career after his career. He has gone to barber college, enrolled in hotel-management courses, served in the Marine reserve, started a comic strip (*Scroogie*) and written a sports column for a chain of suburban newspapers in the Philadelphia area. After the 1979 season, however, he and Phyllis decided to take stock. His ERA that year had climbed to a career-high 5.14, so it seemed clear something was amiss.

"I was running myself ragged with all these outside interests," Tug says. "Phyllis and I were passing each other in the doorway." At his wife's urging, he systematically divested himself of his outside distractions and dedicated himself to getting into shape for the 1980 season and reacquainting himself with his family. "It worked like a son of a gun," he says. His team won the World Series, and he will spend most of the winter "cuddling" with his family and sipping Irish whiskey by the fireside in his fine old house as the snow festoons the oaks and Japanese maples outside.

All of the Phillies rejoiced in their great victory but few more demonstratively than McGraw, who, weeping and laughing, doused Philadelphia Mayor William Green with champagne and embraced teammates, reporters, relatives, friends and even cops in the clubhouse celebration. He favored the assemblage with his Elvis Presley impersonation and liberally sprinkled the room with off-the-wall observations.

"W.C. Fields [who, on the whole, would rather be in Philadelphia than where he is] is probably down in his grave wishing he could celebrate with us, and I know Benjamin Franklin is turning over in his grave, and he's probably got a little flask down there and he's going to be sorry tomorrow because his gout's going to be acting up." It was about three in the morning before McGraw left the stadium, and he still had the family party ahead of him. But he was up in time for the parade and civic celebration the next day, advising Philadelphians at JFK Stadium that they need no longer take a backseat to New Yorkers and that the Big Apple could, in fact, "stick it."

His energy hadn't appreciably waned two days later, when, in a New York restaurant, he tried to put the experience in perspective. "There's no way we could have started off a new decade of baseball any better than this," he said. "I don't think I've ever been more proud to be a baseball player. In September and October, when we had all those close finishes, the great playoffs and the Series, the players were showing why baseball is the American pastime. I can't tell you how happy I am to be a part of it."

But he has, you know. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

LAND OF THE RISING PIGSKIN

The teams—Notre Dame and Miami—were imported and the fans were wet and bewildered, but if past form holds, they'll soon be chanting "We're No. 1"

by ***JOHN UNDERWOOD***

Question: What is a nice place like Japan doing in a game like American football?

Answer: We were wondering about that ourself. We were tapping our feet to the Toyota commercial on our Sony Trinitron, waiting for the rain to stop so we could take a spin on our new Kawasaki, when we got to wondering about that.

We are sitting in Tokyo Olympic Memorial Stadium, watching the only bowl game in the history of American intercollegiate football to be named after an automobile. The event is called the Mirage Bowl, but it is actually a regular-season game between Notre Dame and the University of Miami. The game was originally scheduled for Miami, but the Japanese persuaded the participants to move it 9,000 miles for esthetic reasons—the beauty of a $200,000 guarantee and all expenses paid.

The Mirage is a four-cylinder, four-speed, 37-mpg (city) vehicle manufactured by the Mitsubishi Motor Company, which used to make Zero fighter planes. Zeroes used to shoot down American fighter planes. The Mirage is one of the latest in a line of Japanese motor cars that have been shooting down Detroit.

A mirage is what we think we are seeing.

It is a typical Tokyo November afternoon: raw, drizzly, misty and surreal, like a Munch painting. Nevertheless, 60,000 Japanese and a scattering of Miamians and South Benders are in the stadium. The Japanese have been there since a couple of hours before kickoff, attached to their seats like woodscrews, happily risking pneumonia as they cheer and wave their pompons. Their enthusiasm belies the drift of the competition. Miami is getting clobbered, 40–15—which turned out to be the final score. Every few minutes a brassy, high-pitched fanfare of trumpets erupts from the bowels of the stadium, the musical facsimile of a nervous breakdown. The fanfares make our scalp crawl.

"*Ganbate* music," we are told by a young man on our left, an American. "Persistence music. They're telling the Miami team not to give up."

"They've chosen sides?" we ask.

"Not really. If Notre Dame were losing, they'd be advising Notre Dame to do the same thing. Not to give up. The trumpeters are from the universities of Keio and Waseda. They were hired for the job."

The young man identifies himself as Jeffrey, a schoolteacher living in Tokyo. He is friendly and warm, and is either growing a beard or has poor shaving habits. Some of Jeffrey's warmth comes from a flask he has packed in for the event. He is full of helpful information.

"We are amazed how well the Japanese take to football," we tell him. "How well they know the game."

"They don't know it at all," says Jeffrey. "They enjoy the pageantry and the cheerleaders showing their thighs and they like the excitement of seeing large men crash into one another. And, of course, they're terrific hosts. They would think it a loss of face if they didn't make the teams feel welcome. But they have no idea what's going on."

"Then why have they paid $25 a seat to sit out here on a miserable day and suffer a one-sided game?"

"Like me," says Jeffrey, "they probably got in free. The house is mostly paper. Also, if you will remember, Mitsubishi gave away a car in the first half."

We ask Jeffrey how he knows these things. He says he knows Mitsubishi, a powerful conglomerate with a lot of indebted associates in the business world to put the arm on. Mitsubishi and its corporate allies buy the tickets and pass them around, he says. "I got mine from the International Sacred Hearts School."

"That's very interesting," we say, "but how do you know they didn't happen to get 60,000 Japanese who know American football?"

"First," says Jeffrey, "you *continued*



would have to assume that 60,000 Japanese who know *English* also know football. It ain't likely. Then you would have to remember what you've been hearing all afternoon—a public-address announcer who hasn't spoken a single word of Japanese. All the action has been reported in English."

We think about it, and listen for a while. Jeffrey is correct. There are no Japanese translations. The P.A. announcer speaks fluent English. He reports the scoring of no *tatche downs* or *feerudo goals*. No *kwata backs* have thrown any *fowado passes*. No *shimpans* (referees) have walked off any *bassoku* (penalties).

"Take my word for it," says Jeffrey, offering his flask. "They have no idea what's going on."

No, thank you, we say, but promise to meet him later, when, with some Japanese friends, we will "tour an area of Akasaka" that he "knows well." He says he once toured it alone and remembers being on the verge of passing out. He woke the next morning in his bed in his apartment. His wallet was in his pocket, untapped. His shoes were arranged neatly on the floor.

We ask our Japanese friend, Michi Jinno, about these things. Michi works for Tele Planning International, Inc., the Tokyo-based promotional packager that thought up the Mirage Bowl and runs it—ever more ambitiously every year. Michi, now general manager of Tele Planning's New York office, was our interpreter and a principal in our after-hours philosophical forums at various caffeine dens near the Ginza. At the time he was also a communications major at Temple University in Philadelphia, a bright young man who grasped early the ways sports can be enhanced by business. And vice versa. He points out, as testimony, the tangible good the Japanese refinement of *Ame-Rug* (for "American rugby," formerly *Gai-kyu*, for "armored football") accomplished with the 1978 Mirage Bowl. Temple played in that one. Afterward, some of Michi's chums in the band purchased U.S. versions of the Mirage.

Michi doesn't know what percentage of the crowd actually paid its way in to see Notre Dame-Miami, but finds it of no consequence. As long as they are there, who gives a *dōmo*? He says the Japanese people are "getting into" American football. He says they "like the personal play—the personal running, the personal passing. Also the hitting on the line. It's like sumo wrestling." He says the Japanese were quite taken with Grambling when it came over for the first Mirage Bowl in 1977. "They love the Grambling band. They love when the band marches and plays at the same time." Also, they liked the Grambling offense, featuring Quarterback Doug Williams, he says. "It was very passing," he says.

He says the Japanese fans' excitement is a spontaneous thing. The general rule is that "every time the ball moves, they clap hands." Too, their rooting tendencies follow egalitarian lines. Even if there is a favored player or team, "once game starts, they split up—two pieces to cheer." He says it is true, however, that some of the finer points escape them. "They want to know, 'What is kickoff?' 'How many innings in a quarter?' 'Why you score seven points instead of one?' "

In its wisdom, Tele Planning has provided for this. Michi refers us to the thick, slick, bilingual Mirage Bowl program. It is an engineering marvel filled with eye-popping foldouts and full-color punch-out decals and selling for 1,500 yen ($6)—the grandest program we have ever seen. It includes more than 20 pages of ru-



The line of scrimmage may remain an eternal mystery, but a marching band has a universal appeal

dimentary football instruction, covering everything from "face masks" to "four-down changes." For political clout, there are signed salutations from President Carter and then Prime Minister Ohira; for consumer inspiration, the words and music of the Mirage anthem: "It's a fantasy, playing in my mind ... Mirage ... Mirage." Tele Planning, says Michi, thinks of everything.

We tell Michi we think it's terrific that the Japanese have embraced yet another American institution, even though history warns us where that can lead. We say we're sure in this case it will lead to increased efficiency and productivity in the game, and better packaging. During the week, we have heard many thrilling stories of football's struggle to make it in an alien culture. We have been all ears.

For example, from the Miami-Notre Dame game's garrulous umpire and amateur Far East historian, Jim Lineberger of Los Angeles, we learn that Japan's first brush with American football occurred in 1934, in the form of an exhibition game. In 1935 a 38-man U.S. college "all-star" team paid a significant missionary visit. Stocked with Pacific Coast players, the all-stars played 10 games in 30 days, logging 10,000 miles. U.S. Olympians who protested the boycott of the 1980 Moscow Games would have admired those players' political benightedness. An invitation from Fascist Italy was withdrawn at the last minute when Mussolini chose to invade Ethiopia instead. They were then turned down by Nazi Germany, which was preparing for the 1936 Olympics (and other things). Imperial Japan was their third choice.

After the war football in Japan grew in popularity, albeit much more modestly than, say, American baseball. Japanese hopes for a reasonable parity in the game were confounded by an unyielding physiological handicap—the overwhelming size differential between the races. U.S. college teams (Utah State, Wake Forest) have, in recent years, run up scores "scrimmaging" against Japanese all-star teams. In 1977, invaders from Brigham Young played two Japanese teams, winning by scores of 61–13 and 71–0.

The referee of the Miami-Notre Dame game, Bob Beveridge, a former Air Force

continued



Players discovered that in Tokyo training meals often took on a slightly different flavor

Paying a visit to an Irish workout, impresario Fujita let others shoulder responsibility





When the game was over, Notre Dame tri-captain Tim Foley still found himself a focus of attention



No matter if the scene is Tokyo or South Bend, a Vagas Ferguson autograph is a red-hot item



After the game, players were given white-carpet treatment when they marched through the hotel

sergeant married to a Japanese and living in Yokota, also refereed those games. He recalls an epidemic of holding violations on the part of the Japanese. His policy was to look the other way. "When you're 75 pounds lighter than the guy across the line from you, holding may be a right," says Beveridge.

A subsequent Japanese victory over a lightweight team from Cornell in 1976 restored some impetus to the movement. There have since been other healthy developments. According to the American Football Association of Japan, 139 universities, 92 high schools and 52 clubs now play the game more or less regularly. An all-Japanese college championship is held every year in Osaka, and two U.S. all-star teams come in January for the Japan Bowl.

Media attention has grown. Grade school quarterbacks now study the techniques of U.S. college teams on late-night television ("video strips") plus a veritable torrent of how-to books—meaning, in the lexicon of publicists, four or five—which have rolled off the Japanese presses, along with two football periodicals, *American Football* and *Touchdown*. Japanese football columnists have successfully adapted the trenchant editorial style of their American counterparts; *e.g.*, the Asahi *Evening News*, weighing the chances of the Irish against Miami, viewed Notre Dame's "most tarnished record in ages . . . [as] a disaster of major proportions." (Notre Dame was 6–4 at the time.) A Miami victory, said the *News*, would write "a final and dismal chapter to the most woebegone [Notre Dame] football season in ages." *The Daily Oklahoman* would have been proud.

Nonetheless, a certain Eastern-stoic approach to financing the game has kept it from getting too big for its britches, Lineberger told us. *Ame-Rug* is still mostly a rags-to-rags story. With the exception of an elite few, Japanese teams play on dirt fields. They buy their own shoes and helmets. Some buy their own jerseys. There are no paid coaches and no scholarships. There are no "football stadiums," per se. Until the Miami-Notre Dame game, the Mirage Bowl itself had been played at Korakuen Stadium, home of the Tokyo Giants baseball team.

As "the most stupendous of Tokyo's sports pageants" (by the estimate of one Japanese correspondent), the Mirage Bowl represents the opposite extreme—a model of blatant commercialism. Enthusiasm for the event, whether freely given or on rental, is carefully "Tele-Planned" and doesn't necessarily require unanimous acceptance.

Not much chance of that, anyway, it would seem. On the day of the game, with the most famous name in American football as a principal, the advance story was buried at the bottom of page 10 of the English-language Tokyo *Times*, under the headline NOTRE DAME TEAM PAYS VISIT TO KAMAKURA. The story dwelled not on the impending struggle but on the Irish team's trip to the seat of the Minamota shogunate government. Its exhilarating stop at a Buddhist temple. Its exciting visit to a Shinto shrine

All of this, of course, didn't explain what we had been led to believe is the Mirage Bowl's manifest destiny—to show the world how to bring football to its ultimate fulfillment as a first-rate shill. To find that out, says Michi, we must go to the source of the vision, the father of the Mirage Bowl, the "Sol Hurok of *Ame-Rug*," Michi's boss, the amazing Atsushi (Bulldozer) Fujita, president of Tele Planning International, Inc. We had already met Mr Fujita.

We are sitting in the lobby of the Miyako Hotel, awaiting an audience with Bulldozer. The Miami and Notre Dame teams, their bands and official parties are all quartered at the Miyako, a departure from big-time college-football logistics that is the rough equivalent of putting Leonard and Duran in a double bed the night before a fight.

Nevertheless, despite rubbing biceps in the elevators and vying for the better seats in the lobby, the teams are getting along fine. It is the rival bands that report tensions. For a week they have crossed instruments at downtown parades and ball-park concerts, tooting and banging their way competitively through Tele Planning's demanding schedule, attracting large crowds and (apparently for the first time) experiencing autograph hunters. They get more attention than the football teams. They love it. The teams don't love it.

The Miyako is not what you would call centrally located. It is 45 miles by bus from the airport, and better than $20 by cab from downtown Tokyo and the various McDonald's and Shakey's Pizza parlors that comprise the nutritive backbone of most downtown areas of the world today.

To some observers, this isolation seemed to have been carefully "Tele-Planned" to avoid any costly spending sprees by the collegiate entourages and, not incidentally, keep them under watchful eyes. After all, the way to see how quickly a U.S. dollar can sprout wings is to convert it into yen. Michi insists, however, that the Miyako was chosen simply because it could hold all the people from the two schools.

Nevertheless, the Miyako has taken certain precautions. Anything charged—phone calls, lunch, in-room massages—must be paid at the desk the same day or risk the charger a visit from the management. On display in each room is a small sign to remind occupants where they are. Verbatim, the sign reads: "In case of your [long-distance] call was not as Collect Call, please pay the charge to our Front Office Casher when finished your call, not await until your deperture. The Management, Miyako Hotel, Tokyo."

Dave Highmark, who was Miami's business manager, and Jim White, its director of sports promotion at the time, know about having audiences with Fujita. They have had their share. They are in the lobby, watching from a respectful distance as Fujita holds court in a step-down lounge area near the front door. Individual petitioners and gift recipients are being brought to him one and two at a time by his aides, who flutter around him like hummingbirds. He has been giving going-away presents (expensive Nikon cameras he brushes off as "toys") to Miami and Notre Dame functionaries.

White and Highmark speak of Bulldozer Fujita in the awed terms one might apply to a Mike Todd or a P.T. Barnum. They tell of his uncanny organizational ability, his sharp eye for detail. To put this particular act together, they say, he first sent a six-man delegation to Miami just to watch the football team *practice*. A television crew filmed "A Day in the Life of Pat Walker," the star Miami receiver. Simultaneously, Fujita arranged for a Japanese television star, Sayuri Takashima, to do a five-part mini-series on football fundamentals. She did it at Notre Dame, with herself in the lead roles as, progressively, a kicker, a split end, a running back and a quarterback. In the last reel Miss Takashima was seen on Japanese screens scoring "the winning touchdown." It was considered a *tour de force*.

Fujita himself had twice gone to Miami, setting up headquarters at a Holiday Inn near the campus and directing his forces from there. "They followed him around like little ducks," says White. They made calls at 10 p.m., requesting meetings. The requests sounded suspiciously like demands." 'Mr. Fujita would like to speak to Mr Dan McNamara of the Orange Bowl. Arrange, please.' 'Mr. Fujita will have dinner tomorrow with [university] President [Henry King] Stanford. Arrange, please.' One day we had to arrange to stop practice so Mr. Fujita could pose for a picture in the middle of the team, 'informally' grouped."

If they said no to a request, says Highmark, Fujita ignored it. He told White and Highmark they must "exert more effort" to help in the promotion of the game, getting more Miami people to fly the special charters to Japan to help defray Tele Planning's burgeoning expenses. He told them they were "not working hard enough."

"He is an honorable man, I think, but crafty," says Highmark. "And very persistent." When Fujita went back to Tokyo after the last visit, he kept the pressure on by sending two or three telegrams a day, "each one marked urgent." White says he would have been offended by this if they hadn't come to respect Fujita's motives. "Of course," he says, "Mr. Fujita's motives have nothing to do with a love for football."

When Fujita's entourage returned to the States to cover golf's U.S. Open at Toledo, Fujita summoned the band directors and business managers from the two schools for a meeting. "First," says Highmark, "he handed out gifts—portable tape decks. Very nice. Once that was out of the way, he got to the point. He told us exactly the kind of music he expected the bands to play. In detail. Then he said he was taking us to dinner at a fancy Japanese steak house in Toledo.

"When we got there, the restaurant was closed. Mr. Fujita huddled with his aides. He got the number off the door and called the owner, speaking to him in Japanese. He told the owner he wanted him to come right down and open up, just for his dinner party. Naturally, the owner did exactly that."

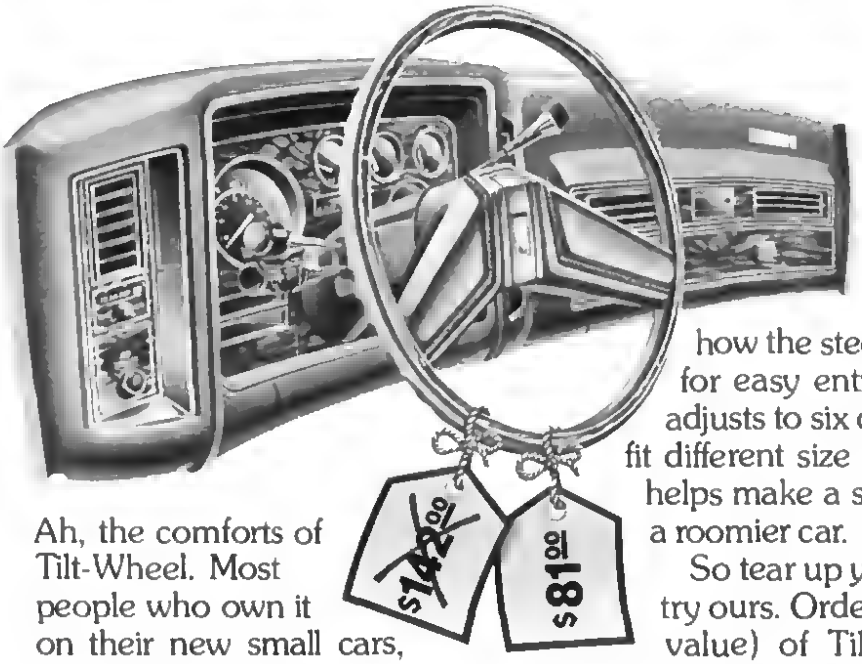
"Naturally," we say.

We are given our time with Fujita. As fathers of extraordinary events go, he isn't an especially imposing figure. He tells us he is only 160 centimeters tall (about 5′ 2″) and 60 kilos large (132 pounds). But at 47 he has a strong, handsome face with somewhat ominous eyes and a prominent jaw he apparently has never been afraid to stick out.

A onetime amateur boxer who never lost a fight ("I learned only to go forward, never backward"), Fujita, in less than five years, has made Tele Planning an international sports force to be reckoned with. He retraces for us this remarkable climb, Michi interpreting: as a "brat" growing up by the Inland Sea, the ninth child of a Nihama sake brewer, he learned hard "philosophical" truths. At six he was sent alone into the

continued

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mountains to spend the night, "for the spirit, for the mind." He says there are virtues to be found in such an experience, a "cooperation between the mind and the body."

Because the U.S. military allowed no martial arts after World War II, and because he was too small for basketball, baseball or soccer, Fujita turned to boxing, in which he could compete with boys his own size. His father built a gym behind the family liquor store and Fujita used kendo gloves (little more than padded golf gloves) while practicing the manly art. "From boxing," he says, "I learned two things: one, you must often do without help. Two, sooner or later in life everyone gets hit." At Waseda University, competing as a junior flyweight, he won "more than 20" fights, but gave it up after that because "it is low-class entertainment—and there is not enough money."

After college, Fujita worked in sales and eventually as sales manager at a Tokyo television station. In 1976 he and his older brother Kiyoshi founded Tele Planning. He had seen the future: the value of hitching a wagon to the international sports comet, the potential in televising games and contests via satellite. "The future of Japanese television," he says, "is not Mork and Mindy, but sports and news—live events. We are 10 years behind the U.S. in television. When we catch up, I want to be ahead."

His first venture was the purchase of the rights to televise the first Ali-Patterson fight, for which he paid a paltry $2,000. To cover that (and more), he rounded up four Japanese sponsors. He made a lot of money. Other fights followed, then major golf tournaments, including the Masters and U.S. Open. His corporation mushroomed and was subdivided into a conglomerate that last year paid taxes on a $50 million gross. He says the special ingredient was the Japanese public's "fascination" with live telecasts—no matter the event, even if it didn't understand them. This, naturally, led him to American football.

Fujita saw his first football game on television "10 or 12 years ago." He didn't understand it. "I thought touchdown was an aeronautical term," he says. Mystified by its rules and disdainful of its "crazy specialization" (the numbing reality of doing the same thing over and over again, as, say, a right guard does), he nevertheless could appreciate its "noble stubbornness."

Vacationing in California a few years later, Fujita one day found himself between a choice of "drinking with my cronies," and thereby risking the disfavor of his wife, or accompanying her to Disneyland. He compromised and took her to a Rose Bowl game. There Fujita discovered football's "grandeur." He saw "an explosion of color" and a "dazzling coordination." He saw "the fantastic brute force." He saw a game that made a "very hard-hitting, very powerful" spectacle. In short, a terrific way to make a buck. When it took him 2½ hours to find his car afterward, he was hooked.

Soon enough he presented his concept to Mitsubishi: the complete packaging of a football game and all that he perceived should go with it, including parades and concerts and television specials. This in return for sponsorship. Mitsubishi had a new automobile to hawk. An agreement was quickly reached. Fujita set about "promoting hell out of the [car's] name." All summer he had people running around Japan with MIRAGE BOWL T shirts. "People asked, 'What's the Mirage Bowl?'" Fujita says. "We gave them the answer before the question." The first Mirage Bowl was played six months before the first Mirages rolled off the assembly line. "When they did, 80% of those who bought already knew the name." That, he says proudly, is "product awareness."

As Fujita goes on, Michi scribbles frantically on a note pad. He interrupts when the words outspeed his translation.

We become aware that others are still waiting for Fujita. A lovely, unusually tall Japanese woman wearing a picture hat and a red dress is poised nearby. We've already exceeded our allotted time. We begin saying our goodbys and get up to leave. Fujita tells us to sit down, there is more.

He says in the last four years he has made 23 trips to the U.S. to study football. On one of his first trips he learned of Grambling and its wonderful marching band. "I said, 'If you have such good band, do you also have a football team?'" Grambling's band marched in the first Mirage Bowl in 1977, and its team defeated Temple 35–32. Somebody told Fujita Grambling was "the black Notre Dame." He didn't know what that meant, but he made it his business to find out.

The following year he brought Temple back to play (and defeat) Boston College. This time he added the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders to the program. Clicking Nikons could be heard all the way to Hakone. Bulldozer was in high gear. He decided it was time to get the "white" Notre Dame.

"Japanese people are like American people," he tells us. (He is still ignoring the woman in red; we aren't doing as well.) "Japanese people love superstars. Nicklaus, Namath. Regardless of the cost, if you can get the best, it is good business."

Notre Dame said no. It said it wasn't interested in playing a "home" game in Japan. Rumor of the refusal reached the desk of Joe Doyle of the South Bend *Tribune*. Joe gets around. He knew a free trip to Japan when he saw one, and he saw this one flying out the window.

Doyle did what any red-blooded American columnist would do under the circumstances. He advised Tele Planning in his column to ask a team that had a home game coming up with Notre Dame to make the switch to Tokyo. A team that could use the money. Navy, say, or Miami. Miami didn't like the idea. Fujita did. He raised the ante to $200,000, and said he would pay for not only the team's expenses but also the band's, cheerleaders' and official parties' Miami said yes.

Fujita had to charter jumbo jets to transport the two teams and their parties—Miami from about 9,000 miles away, Notre Dame from 8,100. He made a deal with Japan Air Lines. The entire package wound up costing $3 million to put together—but Tele Planning grossed $3.5 million. "It should have been better," Fujita sniffs. "With Oregon State and UCLA next [Nov. 30], it will be better. Expenses will be less. They are not so far away."

Michi interrupts to bring the translation up to date just as Fujita begins to explain the ins and outs of Tele Planning's methods. Getting a word in edgewise, we tell him we're somewhat suspicious of his intentions. We tell him this has all been very impressive, and we're in awe, but promoting an American football game on Japanese soil with teams most Japanese have never heard of still doesn't strike us as the ultimate for a promoter with vision. What,

continued

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Inventors
Up Front
Adventure
Couples
Lookout

PEOPLE's weekly departments read like a who's who of what's happening. You don't miss a trick, a treat, a face, a place. And if you think the writing's lively, wait 'til you see the pictures.

Pick up your week
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People weekly

we ask, does he *really* have in mind?

Fujita's eyes light up. He thrusts his chin at us.

What he has in mind, he says, is a four-team Japanese professional football league. With American players. Soon.

"American players?" we ask, incredulous.

"They go to Canada. They can come here. Of course, some of the 'larger' Japanese could play, too," he says.

And there would be none of this foolish pretense you find in the National Football League, he says. It would be a totally commercial venture. Right up front. With Tele Planning packaging everything from the television rights to the team magazines—for high-powered sponsors, willing to pay a price to share in the glory.

There would be no naming teams after animals or birds or factory workers, he says. "It is a waste of product identification," he says, "to call a team the Dallas Cowboys or the Pittsburgh Steelers. The impact is diffused. There *is* no product identification." He says he would name the teams after their sponsors. Tokyo Sony, for example. Or Osaka Panasonic. Just like the Mirage Bowl. Such a league, he says, "would not fail."

"You want to be the Pete Rozelle of Japan," we say.

Fujita smiles. Ominously.

"No. I want to show Pete Rozelle how to be me."

When Michi translates this, we all laugh heartily, thinking that is exactly what could happen.

We flew home with the Miami team the day after the game. The exhausted occupants of the 747 compared their wondrous adventures. Players told of getting stiff necks at a downtown Tokyo hangout called Studio One, where you could purchase "all the food and drink you want for $12 a head," but where the ceiling was barely off the floor. Band members told of all-night revelries and falling in love with the Japanese. One girl piccolo player told of a lovable Japanese cabbie who brought her group home at 4:30 a.m., then came back half an hour later with the camera she had left on the back seat. Coaches, less footloose in the pursuit of pleasure, told of watching a 1944 Tarzan movie on the hotel television. At the end of the film, a written appeal (in English) urged the audience to BUY BONDS—SUPPORT AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT.

Howard Schnellenberger, Miami's head coach, found the atmosphere "unreal." A disciple of Bear Bryant, for whom he played at Kentucky and coached at Alabama, Schnellenberger prefers his meat with potatoes, not noodles, and he also passed up all opportunities to shop the Ginza or listen to koto music and eat raw fish. When he hadn't been at meetings or team practice, he had been in his room, plotting to make Miami a contender.

Schnellenberger said if he had had the time to write home, which he didn't because his wife Beverlee was along to do it for him, he would have written, "Wish you were here and we weren't." He said he thinks it would be better if the Mirage Bowl were a *post*season game. "It would have been a great experience," he says, "if we hadn't had to play football."

Miami had set an NCAA record for single-season travel. Schnellenberger thought the schedule was "put together by a quiltmaker." The Hurricanes had logged 28,000 miles, and "when we weren't at somebody else's field, we were in a foreign country." They played in Tallahassee, Fla., San Diego, Orchard Park, N.Y., University Park, Pa., Tuscaloosa, Ala. and Tokyo, Japan.

The Japanese experience ended on a somewhat sour note. Not only had Miami lost, but also the Miyako Hotel had presented Highmark with a bill for $4,200 to cover "damages." There were complaints of fire extinguishers being used for non-extinguishing reasons and of tomato juice being thrown around the rooms after the game. Rather than challenge the charge and be delayed, Highmark paid the bill. "We are still $195,000 richer for the experience," he said.

We told him the apocryphal story of the Japanese government's proposal to Australia to solve, in a single stroke, those two countries' principal problems: Japan's lack of space, Australia's lack of people and capital. Japan, being rich and crowded, would give every living Australian, poor and lonely, a million dollars to move to Japan. Then, when the Australians were on the boats heading north, the Japanese would all fly south and occupy Australia.

Highmark said he could see how that would appeal to the Japanese. "When you think about it," he said, "it's right up their alley." **END**

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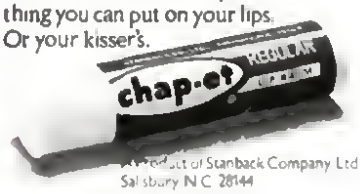
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FRONT AND CENTER

The score was 31–0, Kansas City over Oakland, and on the Chiefs' sideline, No. 58, their center, was acting like a madman. "Don't let them breathe!" Jack Rudnay kept yelling. "Don't let them breathe!"

The Chiefs, winless in their first four games this season, unable to seore more than seven points in any first half, had run up 31 points in the first 30 minutes against the Raiders. Was it a coincidence that this was Rudnay's first game back after four weeks on the injured list?

"No coincidence," said K.C. Coach Marv Levy after the Chiefs beat the Raiders 31–17. "Jack Rudnay is our inspiration." Indeed, with Rudnay in the lineup, the Chiefs are 4–0 this season.

Undersized, underrated, underpaid, Rudnay is the kind of guy whose name pops up on the Pro Bowl roster every now and then—he has played in four Pro Bowls in his 10-year career—and you say, "Oh, yeah, Jack Rudnay." Occasionally you will see his name in a preseason scouting report: "The Chiefs' offensive line is unsettled, except for Jack Rudnay at center." Rudnay has always been an "except for," but it has never bugged him too much. You make a decent wage, you give a decent day's work, and if you get hurt, you get yourself taped back together and go out and work some more. Until this season Rudnay had missed only one start, but he hobbled in and played in that game anyway. Once, in 1977, he fractured the little finger on his snapping hand—the bone popped out through the skin—but he missed just three plays while the finger was being taped up. He has played on knees that were shot and with back spasms, but it wasn't until this year that the law of averages caught up with him.



"I popped a hamstring in the exhibition season by going against one of my most important rules—don't do any extra work after practice," Rudnay says. "I was running some extra sprints, and it just popped. I'd never had one before. I thought it was a cramp."

Rudnay tried sitting in the press box the next game. No good. People wanted to talk football with him. He tried sitting next to his wife in the stands. "That was even worse," he says. A few weeks later Levy got Rudnay back into uniform—a coach's uniform—and put him on the sidelines so he could hand out advice to his teammates.

That's one side of Jack Rudnay, No. 58. There's another side. Around the locker room everyone tells Rudnay stories. They talk of the way Rudnay got

As Jack Rudnay goes, so also go the Kansas City Chiefs. Ol' No. 58 is their inspiration and gagster—and the city's quiet humanitarian

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL IWASAKI

even with people he thought had wronged him; they talk of how he copes with the world's madness by outloonying it; they talk of his flair for parody. In K.C. they still talk about the TV short Rudnay did on fishing for bass in the city's Volker Fountain, a parody of the death-and-deliverance struggles of the fish and the fisherman.

Without his credentials on the field, Rudnay would be just another zany in a business full of them, another transitory oddball who came and went, an anecdote. As he marches along in tune to his own band, indulging his love of hilarity, pursuing his profession with a high level of proficiency and an extraordinarily high pain threshold, Rudnay will occasionally stop and take a long look at the world around him. And that's when the laughter stops and another emotion—an overwhelming feeling of sadness—comes in. He will see children in anguish—the suffering, the crippled—and he'll give of himself, and yes, he'll cry, too. Tears are very much a part of the total picture. But we're getting ahead of the story.

I had heard Jack Rudnay stories before—everyone around the game has—but until one bright, sunny day last May on Interstate 70 on the way to K.C.'s Arrowhead Stadium, I hadn't seen anything firsthand.

We were moving along smartly in Rudnay's '76 Jeep Cherokee. Rudnay was heading for the weight room for a final workout before beginning a two-week family vacation in Yellowstone Park. Weights aren't his thing. "I've seen guys who could lift 500 pounds but couldn't block anybody," he says. But the book says everybody goes through the program, and Rudnay draws paychecks from the Chiefs.

He pointed to an area beyond a bank that rose steeply from the highway's right shoulder. "I lease orchard land up there," he said. We were about to talk peaches and apples when the air was filled with the vrrroooom! of two motorcycles bumping along the crest.

Rudnay swore under his breath and jerked the wheel of his Cherokee violently to his right, and we shot off the Interstate, down through the ditch—kawhump!—up the near-perpendicular bank, up, up. . . . And now we were riding the crest, and it was a chase. Banjo music, please. Burt Reynolds, where are you?

The two kids on the bikes looked over their shoulders. The Jeep was gaining. Their eyes widened. They wheeled and stopped—and waited. Rudnay skidded to a halt and was out the door. I reached for my .45. Oops, forgot to bring it this trip. There was a conversation I couldn't hear. The kids turned their bikes and drove off slowly, all the while looking over their shoulders. Rudnay watched them until they were out of sight.

"Just wanted to scare 'em, to keep 'em out of the orchard," he said. "Actually, they weren't doing anything wrong; that strip they were on is public land. There's trouble if they go in the orchard, though; there have been thefts. Now they might think twice about it. I mean, here they are, riding their little cycles, and they see some maniac racing off the highway like that. I think I sent 'em into shock."

People who know Rudnay say it's typical of his style. Controlled lunacy, seemingly irrational behavior, but always with a master plan. Stanford Coach Paul Wiggin, who coached Rudnay and the Chiefs for two and a half years, puts it another way. "Jack Rudnay," he says, "lives in the bizarre."

Retired Defensive Tackle Tom Keating, a teammate of Rudnay's for two years, tells this story. "The year is 1974, the strike year," he says. "The rookies are in camp, we're out on the picket line. Jack is one of the leaders of the Kansas City strike faction. David Jaynes, the All-America from Kansas, is the No. 1 quarterback in camp. We read a quote of his in the paper. 'I will lead this team to victory.' Uh huh, we think.

"Now the strike is over, and we're on the field for our first practice. What does Jack do? He takes a scissors and cuts the crotch out of his football pants. Jaynes is the first man to take the snaps, Rudnay is over the ball, Hank Stram's in the tower with his bullhorn. Jaynes is trying to impress the coach. He looks left, he looks right, he calls his signals in a clear, authoritative voice. 'Brown left, red right, 23, ready, set.' He reaches down for the ball. . . . 'Whooo!' He jumps. The ball goes flying.

" 'What's going on down there?' Stram says from the tower.

" 'He won't take the snap, Coach.' Jack says.

" 'O.K., let's get another quarterback in there.' That's the beginning of the end for David Jaynes."

The story is related to Rudnay. Quarterbacks have never been his favorite people. Nor kickers. He favors those who slug it out in the trenches. In practice, he has been known to reach back and grab a quarterback's fingers as he is about to take the snap, but this one's a new angle. He listens. His face is trying to smile, but he controls it. It's the face of a zany. Full beard and mustache, long black stringy hair, big nose. Rasputin must have looked like that as a young man. There is something deeper in the eyes, though. Intelligence, compassion—but not necessarily compassion for rich rookie quarterbacks.

"I've heard mention of the alleged incident," Rudnay says, "and let me ask one question. Are there any pictures?"

These are favorite Rudnayisms: "alleged" and "pictures." Let the jury note, Your Honor, that the prosecution has

continued



Mandy, eight, Jack and wife Polly, transform Wendy, six, into a clown for a Halloween party

failed to produce tangible evidence. It's the way he responds when some of his other escapades—make that *alleged* escapades—are brought to light: the time he and George Daney, a guard, climbed up into the network of pipes overhanging a team meeting room and hosed down the players with a fire extinguisher; the flock of live chickens that mysteriously appeared in the room of Bobby Yarborough, the equipment man; the bag of ostrich and camel manure that turned up under the desk of Promotions Director Russ Cline; the time an assistant P.R. man was taped to the weight machine, naked, with a straw sticking out of his mouth; the dead crow that appeared in the helmet of Kicker Jan Stenerud.

Rudnay doesn't travel along prescribed routes. Pretension is his great enemy, and in his desire to do things his own way he makes some people uncomfortable. Years ago he heard the cry of helpless children, the terminally ill, the retarded, and he committed himself to them. He spends hours in their hospitals; he buys up blocks of tickets for them for every game and he brings them into the locker room afterward. But organized publicity campaigns for charity and organized fund-raising leave him cold.

"I often wonder," Rudnay says, "how much of that is genuine compassion and how much is merely self-serving."

For the last two seasons Rudnay's Chief teammates have nominated him for the Justice Byron (Whizzer) White Award, which the NFL's Players Association gives annually to a player for doing charitable work. But Rudnay never filled out any of the forms.

"Frankly, the idea of polishing your own apple doesn't appeal to me," he says. "Filling out something like that not only is insulting to the people you work with, but. . . ." He starts again. He's used to being misunderstood. "Look, I don't question the motives and integrity of the people who give that award. It's just a personal thing with me."

Pretentious manners and dress are other Rudnay targets. He is fond of showing up at team functions in a Stroud's Restaurant T shirt and a battered Red Man chewing-tobacco cap. Two years ago the players' wives decided to hold an end-of-season farewell party. "Tell Jack that the Hunts [Lamar Hunt owns the Chiefs] and the Steadmans [Jack Steadman is the president] will be there, and we want everyone to be dressed appropriately," one of the wives told Jack's wife, Polly, herself a bit of a free spirit. She couldn't wait to give Jack the message.

He took a long look at the situation. The Chiefs were closing out a 4–12 season, which came on the heels of a 2–12. He'd been through it all, the good years and now the dismal aftermath, during which he has been one of the few bright spots on the team with his four consecutive Pro Bowl appearances. He had played with torn cartilage in his knee and rib cage, with torn tendons and dislocated fingers. He had bled plenty for the Chiefs. He had kept them together in the dark years. Appropriately dressed? We'll see about that.

He showed up at the party in Levi's and an electric-blue tuxedo jacket he'd bought cut-rate at a shop that was going out of business, a ruffled shirt, a blue-and-white flowered cummerbund ("I wanted the flamenco look") and a black satin hat he'd gotten from a band in Aspen, Colo., the satin setting off a red sequined apple surrounded by seven rhinestones. Lamar Hunt's wife, Norma, was fascinated by the hat with its seven jewels.

"She asked me, 'Are those genuine?' " Rudnay says. "I said, 'Yes, ma'am. Genuine rhinestones.' "

The son of a baker, Jack Rudnay grew up in Chagrin Falls, Ohio, 26 miles from Cleveland, and his only early brush with

continued



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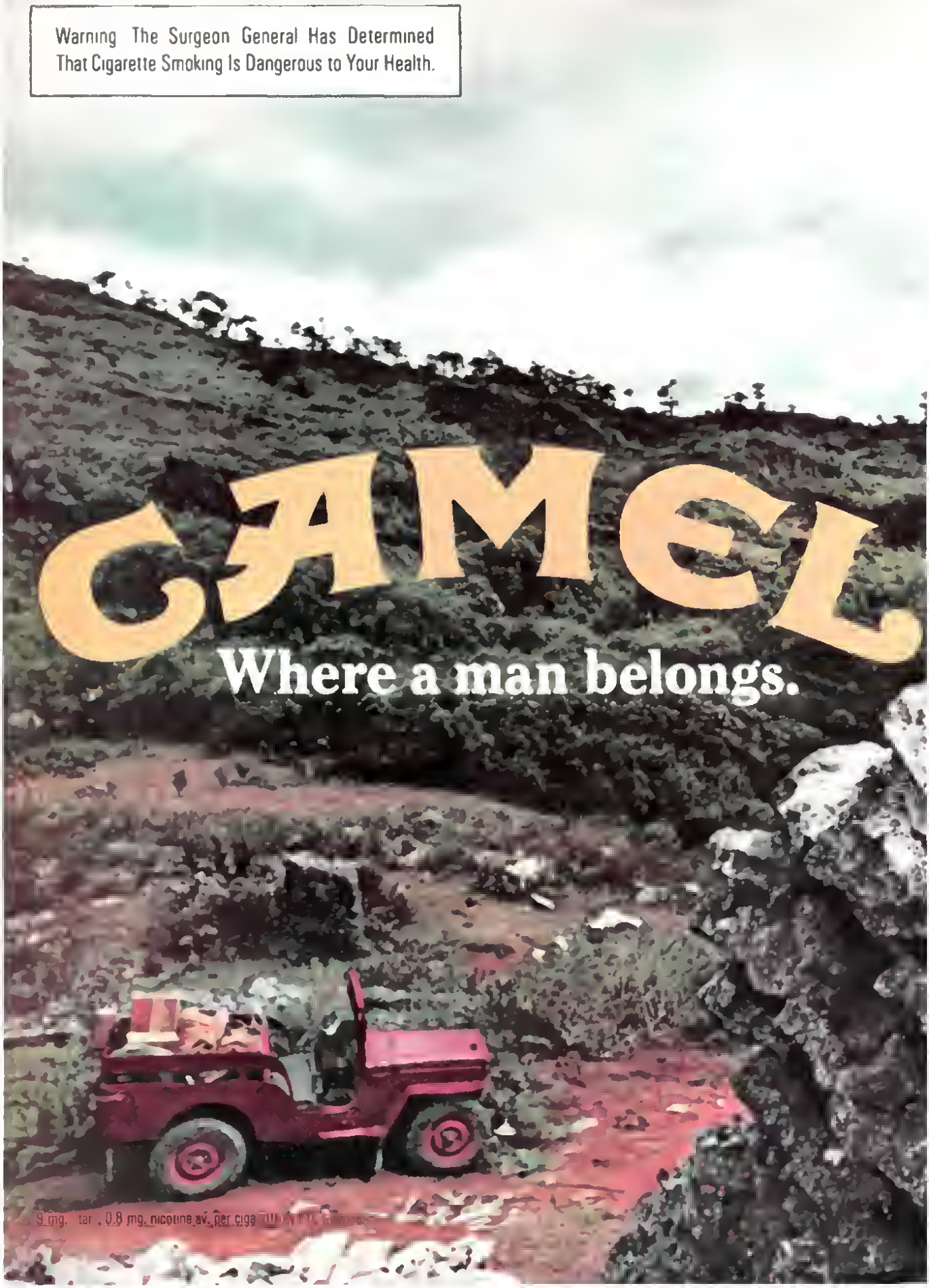
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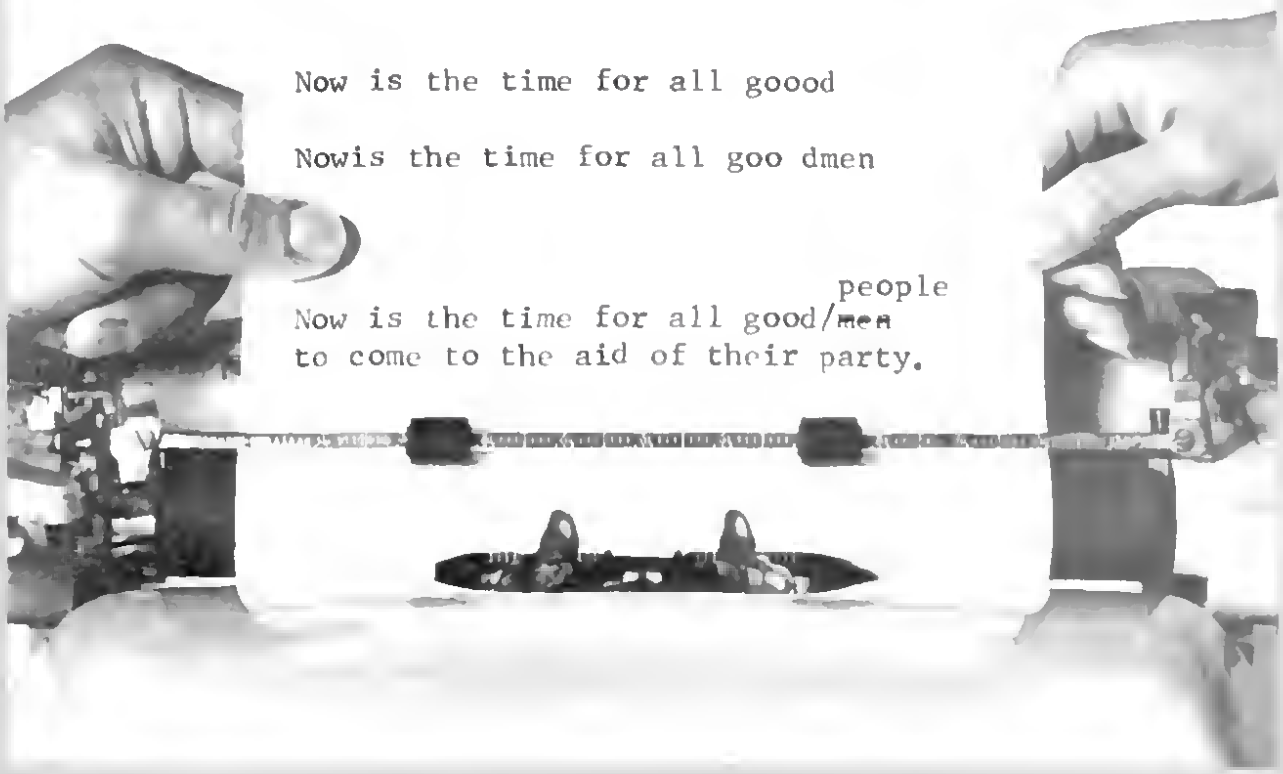






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fame occurred when he doubled his high school record by performing 2,000 sit-ups. "I didn't get that tired," he says, "but it wore all the skin off my butt."

He was a bright kid and heavily recruited by the Ivy League, but he finally settled on Northwestern and three losing seasons. The Chiefs drafted him in the fourth round in 1969, but before he could get a taste of the NFL he was totaled for the year when he suffered three cracked vertebrae during a college All-Star practice.

There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, that the first time the 5' 7" Stram met Rudnay and checked him against his program height of 6' 3", he said, "You're smaller than what I expected," and Rudnay replied, "So are you."

"Not exactly true," Rudnay says. "I didn't say it, but I thought it."

The Chiefs were a Super Bowl team that year. The nucleus was made up of grizzled AFL veterans, massive, hulking people—6' 6", 275-pound Jim Tyrer, 6' 9", 290-pound Ernie Ladd, 6' 7", 287-pound Buck Buchanan. "I thought all NFL teams looked like that," Rudnay says. "I didn't talk for a year. I was of the school that says when you're a rookie you pack your lunch, pedal your bicycle and keep your mouth shut."

The breakthrough came in 1970. E.J. Holub, a veteran of 10 seasons and nine knee operations, and the man whose job Rudnay would take midway in the season, came to his room one evening at camp. Jacky Lee, the reserve quarterback, and Jim Lynch, a linebacker, had mixed up the wires running from the distributor to the spark plugs on Holub's pickup truck.

"Rook," Holub said to Rudnay, "these guys have gone too far. A man's truck is sacred. I need some help. I need a commando. Think of something good."

"Well," Rudnay said, "in college we had something we used to call the Doomsday Bomb."

"I don't know what it is," Holub said, "but it sounds right."

"All it is," Rudnay said, "is a giant tube of toothpaste with a one-inch firecracker in the mouth of it. You light it, toss it in the room and boom! I'll tell you, you can still walk in that room today and it smells like someone just brushed his teeth."

"It's very tough to get even with Jack," Ed Podolak says. "He had something called Rudnay's Law. whatever you do unto me, I shall do unto you—worse."

We are in Rudnay's house on Lake Lotawana, Mo., 25 miles south of Arrowhead Stadium. The area is rich in history. Oldtimers will tell you stories about Cole Younger and the James boys, whose descendants still live in the area. The Lone Jack Civil War Trail runs 400 yards from Rudnay's house. A short path from the house leads down to the lake.

On this May morning the Rudnay household is learning to play in pain. Jack is stretching out his sore back, which plagued him for most of the '79 season. Polly Rudnay, slim and vivacious, is a little stiff from her last session with the weights, a miniprogram she has started. Buck, the 8-year-old English pointer, is suffering from a recent attack by a roving gang of three German shepherds. Mandy, the Rudnays' 8-year-old daughter, nicknamed Bonesy, seems O.K., but her 6-year-old sister, Wendy, or Spike, has picked up another bump. Her left ear is bandaged; there is a black-and-blue mark on each arm and another one on her forehead; the left knee of her jeans is torn; and there are scratches on her nose. Wendy is the kind of person who has a tough time with stationary objects. They keep bumping into her.

"I hope I never have to take her to the hospital," Polly Rudnay says, "because they'll take one look at her and they'll never let me leave. They'll call the police. They'll say, 'Here's a classic case of child abuse.' "

Rudnay, his stretching exercises complete, walks over to a glass tank and studies his fish. The house is very water-oriented. There is a functional stone well in the living room—that's right, a real well. "The man who had the house before us enlarged the room," Rudnay says, "and there was this well right outside. There was nothing to do except include it in the addition."

Inside the fish tank is a 2½-pound bass, named Mr. Bass. He has a bruised tail, a memento of the time the cat knocked the tank over. Other people have goldfish. Rudnay has a bass. He studies it. He feeds it crawfish from an adjoining tank. Rudnay's bass-fishing exploits are legendary; MacArthur Lane, a former Chief running back, talks of Rudnay's "almost magical" ability to catch fish.



No idle fisherman, Rudnay keeps a log of catches and productive spots

It's no mystery. Rudnay produces a journal containing the jottings of two years, much of it bass lore. A drive through the countryside with him is often interrupted while he checks the terrain—"See that? Hedgerows. Bass love to feed there"—and makes entries in the journal, just in case the area is flooded someday.

Later, we are at Arrowhead, and Rudnay starts through his weightlifting program—four sets of everything, top speed, the only real loading up coming on the hip-press machine. he lies on a three-quarter incline and pushes great masses of weight with his feet. He does 10 repetitions of 800 pounds. He has done 10 reps of 880. The club

continued

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record, held by Tom Condon, a guard, is 900—but that was a one-shot. Rudnay is opposed to sheer bulk lifting, to packing bunches of muscle on your body. But he wants his legs to stay strong.

His game is speed and finesse, which is the normal way to operate when you play at 240 pounds. The crab block, the head fake, the scramble block, trickery and misdirection—all the skills of a bygone era—are his weapons, and at this game no one is better. "Sometimes, Jack seems to play by the seat of his pants," Wiggin has said. Rudnay considers it a point of honor not to indulge in holding.

"I'm not enchanted with upper-body strength," he says. "Some of those muscle guys who play center, guys who can push over buildings, well, you know one thing all that strength is good for? It's good for this . . ." and his fingers squeeze an imaginary middle guard's jersey.

Kansas City Offensive Line Coach Joe Spencer says, "I don't think I'll ever coach another guy like Jack. He didn't miss a game in 10 years. You can't get him off the field. Last year he sprained his ankle so badly that on Monday he couldn't get a shoe on it. He was on crutches. By Tuesday he was down to one crutch. By Wednesday he was using a cane. On Thursday he walked through the practice. On Friday he took some snaps. On Sunday he played. I've never seen a guy come off crutches and play like that."

Pain has been Rudnay's constant companion in another, deeper sense. Anyone who has ever come out of the locker room with him after a home game can understand it, because this is the time he devotes to what his daughter, Wendy, calls "our special people." He buys 50 tickets a game for children who are crippled or retarded or terminally ill, and he spends time with them afterward. "That's the most important thing, really," he says. "The game doesn't mean that much. It's the visit. And it's going back. These kids can see through a handshake and a goodby. It's coming back to see them again and again that's important."

Usually, Rudnay will bring some teammates out with him to meet the kids. He says he'll remind the players about it in the locker room, but generally "only five or 10 show up. No hard feelings. I'm not a missionary. It's not my place to dictate to anybody."

Seven years ago the Chiefs were playing in Denver, and some of the players went to Craig Hospital to visit Pat Bickle, a Kansas City high school player who had been paralyzed in a game. A doctor told Rudnay, "There's another Kansas City boy here. Would you like to see him?" So Rudnay and Podolak dropped in to see Jeff Walker.

"He'd been in a car accident," Rudnay says. "Both his parents had been killed, and he'd been left paralyzed from the waist down. He was all by himself, and it struck me as kind of cruel. Here's a 14-year-old kid who lost practically everything in one shot—his parents, the use of his legs—and because he wasn't a football player, no one made a fuss over him."

Through the years Rudnay became very close to the boy. He'd take him to Arrowhead Stadium and teach him how to use the weights, he'd bring him home to spend time with his family. A commitment began to grow—not to the big, well-funded charities, but to individuals, to the forgotten.

"One year Polly was trying to find a charity group that would bring kids to a party the wives' club was giving," Rudnay says. "We called all around to all the big charities. They were all booked up. Then I found one. It was listed just under the name of one person, Marie Lucas. I went down to see her. She was an old black woman who took care of severely retarded children. Some were completely bedridden; none were easy. All the children had parents. Sometimes they'd send toys, but they were no good. Some parents didn't realize how badly retarded the children were. Marie Lucas had one lady working for her full time; they were the staff. No one knew about this place. No one ever went. I've never known a parent to visit there."

Rudnay's friends say that his commitment is part of the overall picture of the man. High hilarity, great compassion; the whole spectrum thrown into focus by an overriding sense of honesty.

"You know," Podolak says, "you mention Jack Rudnay to NFL people, and they'll say, 'Oh, yeah, that funny guy on the Chiefs.' But there are dozens of families who don't know that side of him at all. All *they* know about are the hundreds of hours he has spent with their children."

"You can relate what he does to the way he is as a player," Wiggin says. "Off the field, all you have to do is put somebody out there who's hurting a little and Jack will be right with him. On the field? Well, the hardnoses will tell you that this idea of inspiration is overrated, but I know one thing about the time I was there. Jack Rudnay was our strength." **END**



At lunchtime, young Chiefs such as Sylvester Hicks and Don Parrish listen up when Rudnay talks

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The latest peach from Georgia

Frosh Running Back Herschel Walker makes Bulldog rivals look like the pits

On the stat sheets, Georgia has what looks to be a real problem. In seven games, the Bulldog offense has been able to sustain only two drives for longer than five minutes. Ball control has become such a sore spot with Coach Vince Dooley that before last Saturday's game at Kentucky he called his entire offensive unit together and delivered a sermon on the importance of marching methodically up and down the field.

How many Georgia players share Dooley's concern is difficult to say—particularly after they hammered the Wildcats 27–0 and ran their record to 7–0. It's never easy lecturing winners. Guard Tim Morrison put the situation in perspective when he said, "Heck, Coach Dooley just hasn't gotten used to having Herschel around yet."

Herschel is Herschel Walker, the much-heralded freshman tailback from Wrightsville, Ga. who may be blamed for curtailing a great many Georgia drives this season. Not with fumbles. Walker doesn't believe in letting go of the football once he has hold of it—but with long runs on which he either scores a touchdown or sets up a quick score for a teammate. Now those are just the sort of plays that play havoc with ball control. Here is a typical Georgia drive from the play-by-play sheet of the Texas A&M game a few weeks ago:

1/10/G12 Walker for 4 to G16
2/6/G16 Walker for 3 to G19
3/3/G19 Walker for 5 to G24 (1st down)
1/10/G24 Walker for 76 yds and the *TD*
Georgia 42 Texas A&M 0

(84 yards in 4 plays, time elapsed: 1:55)

In his first seven college games, including the win over Kentucky in which he gained 131 yards and scored his ninth touchdown of the season, Walker has reeled off runs of 76, 60, 53, 48, 41 and 39 yards. Against Vanderbilt he piled up 207 yards rushing *by halftime*. He finished with 283 yards—three shy of the single-game record for freshmen set in 1977 by Amos Lawrence of North Carolina—but probably could have gone for 400 if Dooley hadn't sat him down well before the end of a 41–0 laugher. His total of 877 yards for the season is notable not only because it gives him a shot at Tony Dorsett's freshman rushing record of 1,586 for Pittsburgh in 1973, but also because a bothersome right-ankle injury, several blowouts on the scoreboard and Dooley's careful downplaying of his prize freshman's talents have resulted in Walker's sitting on the bench for the equivalent of 2½ games.

Walker may be just a freshman and only 18 years old, but some experts already believe that he'll be one of the best runners ever. As Gil Brandt, vice-president, personnel development, of the Dallas Cowboys, said recently, "Earl Campbell and Herschel Walker are the only two players I've ever seen who could have jumped directly from high school football to the NFL."

Campbell and Walker are alike in other ways. Both hail from small country towns seemingly untouched by the 20th century. Both have the kind of smiling, Sunday School disposition that coaches love. Both wear No. 34, and both possess a rare collection of body parts you have to order specially from the Football Hall of Fame.

Walker stands 6′ 2″, weighs 220 pounds and runs the 100 in 9.5. He can knock people over or blow right by them, depending on the situation. In his career at Johnson County High School, located 94 miles south of Athens, he rushed for 6,137 yards and 86 TDs. Nearly half of the yardage came in his senior year, and to make the Walker package even more attractive, he was the top student in his



Criminology major Walker and classmate Megan Holland work in the library on a gun control report

continued

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graduating class of 104. Recruiters descended like locusts, and twice the NCAA had to send in investigators to police the action.

Georgia needed Walker badly. The Bulldogs were coming off a disappointing 6–5 season in which they had been picked to finish in the Top 20. What's more, two players who join Walker on this week's list of the nation's Top 10 rushers—George Rogers of South Carolina and James Brooks of Auburn—are native Georgians who went elsewhere because of what Dooley admits was "poor recruiting on our part."

With timing that could only be regarded as auspicious for Georgia football, Walker finally announced last Easter Sunday that he would play for the Bulldogs. "I want to be close to home," he said. "And Georgia's criminology department will enable me to become an FBI agent like several of my relatives."

Having gotten his man, Dooley called a press conference, at which he said with a straight face: "I really don't see Herschel giving us a whole lot of help next year. Realistically, I think he's going to have a slow adjustment period from Class A football [which is made up of Georgia's smallest high schools]. I think everybody, and that includes the coaches, fans and Herschel himself, will have to wait and be patient."

Walker waited no longer than the second quarter of the season opener against Tennessee. With 95,288 fans at Knoxville screaming in dismay, he let loose with a tackle-breaking, omen-of-things-to-come kind of run that will be part of Georgia highlight films for years. Starting right and then cutting back against the grain, Walker was touched by six different Vol defenders. He left Defensive End Mike Casteel lying on the carpet and belted Safety Bill Bates right back on his fanny en route to a 16-yard touchdown that gave Georgia's offense its first points of the year. He also got the game—a nine-yard scamper that won it for Georgia 16–15. The Bulldogs have been unbeatable ever since.

Though Kentucky's defense had been geared specifically to stop Walker, the Wildcats offered no great resistance to him—other than "bleeding slowly," as Dooley put it in the dressing room afterward. Walker's longest run was only 18 yards, but Kentucky's preoccupation with stopping him left it vulnerable to another of the Bulldogs' favorite big plays—a pass from Quarterback Buck Belue to Flanker Amp Arnold. This particular one, thrown early in the fourth quarter, was good for 91 yards and a TD. The PAT made the score 27–0, where—unlike many of the spectators—it remained until the end of the game.

Walker's touchdown came on a routine two-yard vault over the goal line in the first period. But despite rushing for 131 yards, he said afterward that he still had a lot to learn about running. Modest words indeed for a young man whose Georgia bio file is already thicker than Fran Tarkenton's and whose whereabouts during the week are largely determined by a long, typed schedule of press interviews that he carries around in the pocket of his old Johnson County track sweat shirt.

At least Dooley is no longer being coy. How could he be? He gave the ball to Walker 31 times against Kentucky, and he knows he's going to have to keep feeding it to him if Georgia is going to make it to the Sugar Bowl.

"By now everybody has their favorite Herschel run," says Dooley. "The 76-yarder against Texas A&M, the 60-yarder against Vandy and so on. Except I'm still stunned by the first few he made against Tennessee before his touchdowns. We put him in and he didn't know *where* he was supposed to go. Or *when* to make his move. He was just taking off *running*—as if for the sheer joy of it. He got only two yards on his first carry, but the speed, the power, the competitiveness . . . they were obvious."

Dooley's intonation and that far-off, wistful look in his eye made it seem as if he was talking about some magnificent animal, perhaps a new foal frolicking in a pasture. Could be, because Dooley may have the best hoss in the land.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST It was this kind of day for Texas, while on his back, the Longhorns' Darryl Clark made a spectacular catch of a pass from Donnie Little, who was trying to avoid being sacked by Southern Methodist tacklers. But Clark's acrobatics resulted in a five-yard loss. The Mustangs' ferocious defense held Longhorn runners to 90 yards while their own gained 283 during a shocking 20–6 upset in Austin. Craig James provided the needed running power, zipping 53 yards for a touchdown and finishing with 146 yards.

Baylor led by only 7–6 in the third period at Texas Christian when it was announced that Texas had lost. On the very next play Bear Free Safety Vann McElroy made a diving interception, and six plays after that Mike Brannan fired a 40-yard scoring pass to Dennis Gentry. Steve Stamp of the Frogs completed 28 of 53 passes for a whopping 408 yards, but was intercepted four times and the TCU running game gained only 16 yards. The Bears' 21–6 victory left them 7–0—the best start in their 81-year history—and gave them a 1½-game edge over Houston in the SWC.

The Cougars moved up to second by jolting Arkansas 24–17 after trailing 14–3. Houston won despite continuing quarterbacking woes. Audrey McMillian, a third-stringer forced into a starting role, raced 30 yards on the first play from scrimmage, but suffered a shoulder separation when tackled. That brought in Brent Chinn, who had a sore thigh. Chinn, though, rallied the Cougars as he passed for 91 yards, ran for 136.

Despite making nary a first down in the second half, Rice won 10–6 at Texas A&M. Calvin Fance's 41-yard TD run on a flare pass and Kenneth Sam's 34-yard field goal, both in the second quarter, carried the Owls.

BAYLOR (7–0)
TEXAS (5–1) SMU (5–2)

MIDWEST "I had a great defense set up for him," said Michigan State Coach Muddy Waters of how he planned to keep Purdue's Mark Herrmann from getting the 72 yards he needed to become the all-time Division I-A passing-yardage leader. "I took it to the defensive coaches and they said they had a better one. Mine only used 15 players. Theirs had 18." Fourteen seconds into the second period, Herrmann surpassed the mark held by Washington State's Jack Thompson with a 14-yard toss to Bart Burrell, a teammate of his since seventh grade. The Spartans led much of the way until Herrmann's 4-for-4 passing during an 80-yard drive helped put the Boilermakers in front for keeps at 26–25. When done, Herrmann had hit on 24 of 46 passes for 340 yards, giving him a career total of 8,087, not counting bowl games. That plus five field goals by Rick Anderson, which equaled a Big Ten record, propelled Purdue to a 36–25 victory. A conference-record 102 passes were thrown. John Leister of the Spartans uncorked 54 passes, completed 18 and had five picked off. Purdue's Dave Young led all receivers with 12 catches for 172 yards.

Michigan and Ohio State remained tied with Purdue for the Big Ten lead as both won handily. John Wangler of the Wolverines passed five times to Anthony Carter for

continued

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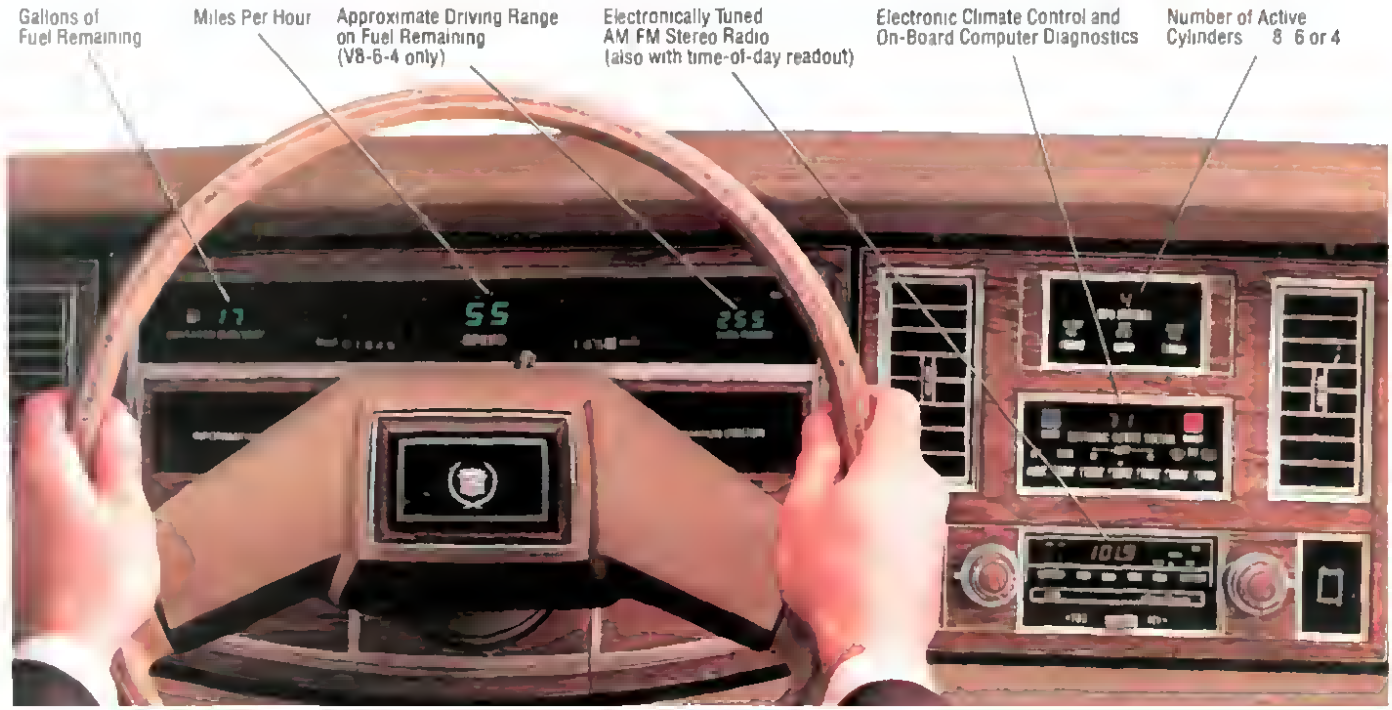
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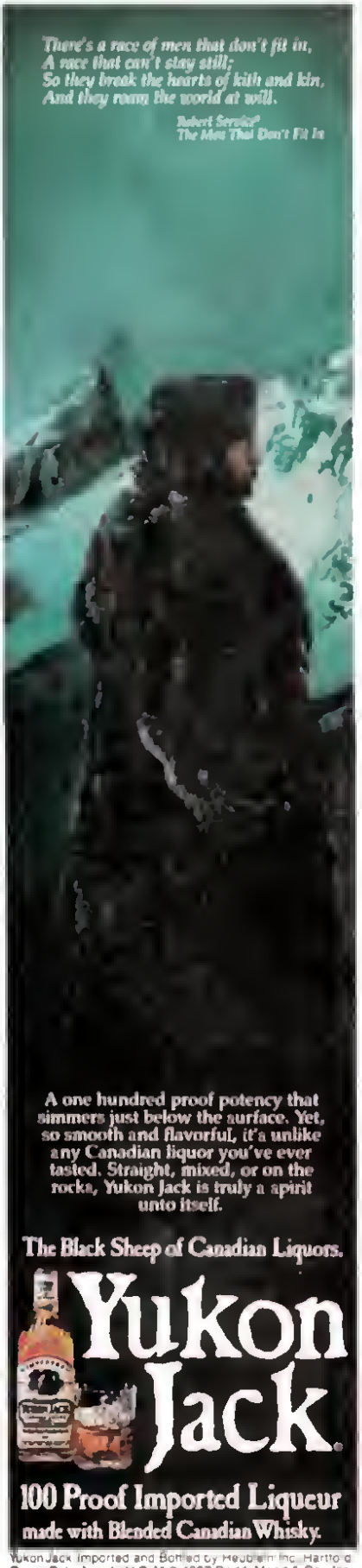
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121 yards and one touchdown, and Stanley Edwards ran for 152 yards during a 45–14 triumph over Illinois. Ohio State beat Wisconsin 21–0, Tim Spencer scoring on a 50-yard run and Art Schlichter going in for two shorties. Three touchdowns by Marion Barber led Minnesota past Iowa 24–6. And Indiana kept Northwestern winless, overcoming a 17–7 deficit to prevail 35–20 as Lonnie Johnson ran for 160 yards and two TDs.

Colorado knew it would need a miracle to beat Nebraska, and for a while it seemed the Buffalos might get one. Jarvis Redwine of the Huskers, who had missed two games because of a cracked rib, gained 64 yards in nine carries, then crashed into the Colorado bench and suffered a thigh bruise that finished him for the day. On the next play, his backup, Craig Johnson, hurt his shoulder and was through. However, third-string I-Back Roger Craig ran for 176 yards and three touchdowns in 21 carries as Nebraska won 45–7.

Missouri, which had beaten Colorado by an identical score the week before, also had to overcome an injury problem. Quarterback Phil Bradley, the Tigers' alltime offensive leader, was out with a bum shoulder. In his stead, Mike Hyde finally got the Tigers going at Kansas State, where they were deadlocked 3–3 entering the fourth period. Hyde guided Missouri downfield to set up a go-ahead 37-yard field goal by Ron Verrilli and later crashed over from the one for the game's only touchdown in Mizzou's 13–3 victory.

It also took Oklahoma a long time to get untracked at Iowa State, but then the Sooners scored two touchdowns in the third period and three in the fourth to win 42–7 and stay tied for first with Nebraska and Missouri. Oklahoma broke open a 7-all game on a busted play on which Sooner Coach Barry Switzer felt his team should have been penalized. But the officials failed to see that Sooner Halfback David Overstreet had moved too soon and Quarterback J.C. Watts made the most of it by scrubbing the called-for handoff. "I was left there holding the ball," said Watts, who slid along the line, found a hole, cut across the grain, broke into the open, juked his way past a couple Cyclone defenders and finished up with a 45-yard scamper

NOTRE DAME (6–0)
NEBRASKA (6–1) OHIO STATE (6–1)

SOUTH Is Southern Mississippi for real? For a while the Golden Eagles indicated maybe so; in a game between two of the nation's eight major undefeated and untied teams they played Alabama to a 7–7 standoff for the first 22 minutes. Quarterback Don Jacobs of the Crimson Tide had begun the scoring with a 25-yard run late in the first period. Southern Mississippi retaliated early in the second quarter with a 75-yard drive that Sammy Winder climaxed by barging over from one yard out. From there on, though, it was all 'Bama as Jacobs ran 13 yards for another touchdown, and Peter Kim of South Korea kicked five PATs and George Mardini of Syria added a sixth. Alabama's 42–7 victory, its 28th in a row, was sure to keep it No. 1 in the polls. The Golden Eagles, who had just broken into the Top 20 for the first time ever, were outgained 325 yards to 114 on the ground but, with Reggie Collier connecting on 12 of 17 passes, came out in front 147–93 in the air.

A 100-yard kickoff return by Willie Gault gave Tennessee a 6–3 lead over Pittsburgh, but that was it for the Vols, who amassed 38 yards rushing in 38 tries and lost 30–6. Pulling the Panthers through was Rick Trocano, the erstwhile safety who again took over at quarterback for gimpy-legged Dan Marino. Four years ago, Trocano wanted to go to Tennessee but was bypassed by Johnny Majors, the Vols' coach. Majors, once the head man at Pitt, looked on wistfully as Trocano completed 14 of 25 passes for 237 yards and rushed for 76 yards, 31 of them on a scoring run

Like Tennessee, Auburn came up with a 100-yard kickoff return—by Sam DeJarnette—but it, too, didn't come out on top. Two fourth-quarter defensive efforts enabled Mississippi State to defeat the Tigers 24–21. After Mardye McDole of the Bulldogs had scored what would be the game's final touchdown, on a 19-yard jaunt, State's defense thwarted Auburn on a fourth-and-goal at the one and then halted one last drive by intercepting a pass. Vanderbilt lost its 28th straight SEC game, 27–14 to Mississippi.

One streak that ended was Marshall's run of 19 Southern Conference losses in a row. The Thundering Herd did it the hard way, tying Western Carolina 13–13 when freshman Barry Childers booted a conference-record 59-yard field goal with seven seconds left. A tie was the last thing The Citadel wanted. By beating Newberry 37–0, the Bulldogs broke the NCAA mark for consecutive games without a draw, stretching their streak to 214. Southern leader Furman defeated Appalachian State 21–20 as Mike Glenn scored on runs of 88 and 10 yards.

All three ACC winners came from behind. Maryland, trailing 14–0 at the half, rallied for a 17–14 triumph at Duke. Charlie Wysocki of the Terps carried 50 times for 216 yards and two touchdowns, and Dale Castro supplied the decisive points, kicking a 25-yard field goal with 5:32 remaining. Wake Forest led 7–0, 14–10 and 21–17 before losing to Virginia 24–21 when Quarterback Todd Kirtley sneaked over from one yard out with 18 seconds remaining. And North Carolina State, which trailed Clemson 6–0 after Obed Ariri booted the first two of his four field goals, won 24–20 as Tol Avery ran for one touchdown and passed for another.

For the third time this season, Amos Lawrence and Kelvin Bryant of North Carolina both gained more than 100 yards in a game.

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Memphis State Defensive End Stanley Adams seemed to have done his job well when he batted away a pass by Florida State Quarterback Rick Stockstill. Trouble was, Adams swatted the ball back into the hands of Stockstill, who caught his own pass and ran for 31 yards. Sam Platt of the Seminoles used more conventional methods, rushing for 188 yards during the 24–3 victory over the Tigers.

McNeese State began its defense of its Southland title with a 36–28 defeat of Arkansas State. Stephan Starring, who set a Cowboy rushing record of 234 yards, ran for two scores and passed 21 yards for another, and teammate Theron McClendon ran for 189 yards.

Co-leaders Murray State and Western Kentucky were both 13–10 winners in Ohio Valley Conference games. The Racers defeated Akron, while Western beat Eastern Kentucky.

Richmond ended its five-game losing streak by upsetting Virginia Tech 18–7. Barry Redden of the Spiders carried 48 times for 233 yards against the Hokies, who were second nationally in total defense and scoring defense.

ALABAMA (7–0)
GEORGIA (7–0) FLORIDA STATE (7–1)

WEST "I'm so confused now I have no idea where we are," said Washington Coach Don James after being upset by Navy 24–10. Two things in particular baffled James: his team's inability to score more points and the Middies' ability to run for 292 yards. Navy's staunch defense shouldn't have been a surprise, the Middies having entered the game tied with Alabama for the fourth-best scoring defense in the land. But with Eddie Meyers unexpectedly running for 114 yards and with Fred Reitzel scoring three times, Navy controlled the ball—and the ball game.

Arizona Coach Larry Smith hoped his silence would be golden. So he refused to say who would start at quarterback against Notre Dame. Would it be freshman Tom Tunnicliffe, a deft passer, or sophomore Kevin Ward, a better runner? Smith's silence turned out to be worth maybe a nickel or so. Tunnicliffe, who started, passed for just 95 yards. What's more, the Irish shut down the Wildcats' ground game, limiting them to 71 yards. Meanwhile, Notre Dame's version of silence led to a priceless play. When freshman Quarterback-Punter Blair Kiel lined up in punt formation and spotted a hand signal from Irish Coach Dan Devine, he knew what to do. Kiel took advantage of the Wildcats' 10-man rush by galloping 80 yards for a touchdown that helped Notre Dame win 20–3.

Stanford continued to flex its mighty offensive muscles during a 48–34 Pac-10 triumph at Washington State. As usual, much of the punch was supplied by John Elway and Darrin Nelson. Elway completed 29 of 36 passes for 379 yards and five touchdowns and ran for another. Even more dazzling was Nelson, who had 369 yards in all-purpose running, 28 shy of Eric Allen's 1971 NCAA record, and turned two of Elway's throws into TDs covering 44 and 24 yards. Cougar Quarterback Samoa Samoa was no slouch either, accumulating 340 yards—134 rushing and 206 on 16 of 35 passing.

Rich Campbell of California also did a lot of passing in vain. Despite Campbell's 225 yards through the air, the Golden Bears lost to UCLA and its more diversified offense 32–9. Freeman McNeil of the Bruins rushed for 115 yards, Tom Ramsey completed 11 of 16 passes for 154 yards, and Jojo Townsell ran a kickoff back 100 yards for a TD.

When it came to numbers, Portland State had the weekend's single most impressive one: 93. That's how many points the Vikings had against Cal Poly Pomona, which avoided a shutout by scoring a touchdown with 2:17 left. The Vikings' 93 points eclipsed the NCAA Division I-AA mark of 72 it set last year against Puget Sound. Almost all of the Vikings' total yardage—603 out of 657—came through the air. Neil Lomax, the all-time college passing-yardage leader, raised his total to 11,664 yards, completing 13 of 20 passes for 339 yards and three touchdowns. His replacement, Lloyd LaFrance, added 264 yards and four more scores with his 15-for-17 marksmanship.

Brigham Young's Jim McMahon turned in what for him was rather a commonplace performance, clicking on 31 of 60 passes for 389 yards. Not bad for a player nursing a rotator-cuff tear on his throwing side. McMahon's feats led to a 34–7 WAC win at Hawaii.

Colorado State booted a chance to solidify its WAC lead when it was tied by Utah 21–21. A missed 19-yard field-goal attempt with eight seconds to go kept the Rams from winning.

UCLA (6–0)
USC (5–0–1) WASHINGTON (5–2)

EAST For a few heady moments, West Virginia dared to envision an end to the frustrations it has endured at the hands of Penn State since 1955. After a nine-yard scoring run by Walter Easley had trimmed the Nittany Lion lead to 20–15, the Mountaineers recovered an onside kick at the Penn State 48 with 3:45 to play. Another touchdown might well have snapped a string of 22 consecutive losses to Penn State. But Nittany Lion Safety Pete Harris deflected a third-down pass right into the hands of his brother, Defensive Halfback Giuseppe—shades of older brother Franco's famed Immaculate Reception for the Steelers during the 1972 NFL playoffs. Although Giuseppe's interception was a pivotal play, the groundwork for West Virginia's setback was laid a year ago when Curt Warner, a sensation as a West Virginia high school running back, enrolled at Penn State. Last week, when teammate Booker Moore wasn't crashing through for 112 yards, Warner was scoring twice, on a three-yard run and an 88-yard kickoff return.

Syracuse, too, had a tough time before defeating Rutgers 17–9. It wasn't until Joe Morris scored on a 38-yard run in the third period that the Orangemen pulled in front for the first time, 10–3. By rushing for 157 yards, Morris became Syracuse's leading career runner (3,022 yards), surpassing Larry Csonka (2,934). The Scarlet Knights made it 10–9 with 7:10 remaining, but then were thwarted by two big defensive plays by the Orange. Rutgers' try for a go-ahead two-point conversion went awry when Defensive Tackle Herb Butzke pressured Quarterback Ed McMichael into a wild throw. And then, with 3:02 to go, Defensive End Jamie Kimmel blocked a Scarlet Knight punt and fell on it in the end zone for a touchdown.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Darrin Nelson, a 5′ 9″, 177-pound senior halfback, led Stanford to a 48–34 victory over Washington State as he rushed for 202 yards in 21 carries and caught 11 passes for 167 yards and a pair of touchdowns.

DEFENSE: Mike Kronzer, Navy's 6′ 1″, 227-pound senior linebacker, was credited with 13 tackles—five unassisted—and caused a fumble that set up the Middies' first touchdown during their 24–10 upset win at Washington.

Substitute Halfback Leo Smith, who had gained only six yards in Boston College's first six games, ran for 145 during a 30–14 victory over Army. Three field goals by John Cooper also helped the Eagles.

Despite strong winds, heavy rain and nine fumbles by Quarterback Jim Jensen, Boston University held off Massachusetts 3–0. Jeff Pelin's 32-yard field goal shortly before halftime enabled the Terriers to run their Yankee Conference record to 4–0.

Foul weather also plagued Bucknell, which lost eight of 11 fumbles to Lehigh. In all, the Engineers profited from 10 turnovers during their 13–0 victory.

All alone at the top—that's where Yale was following an 8–0 triumph at Penn and Dartmouth's first Ivy League loss, 7–3 to Cornell. Like the Big Red, Princeton scored in the opening period and was a 7–3 victor, holding off Harvard. The Ivies split a pair of non-league games, Brown knocking off Holy Cross 21–3 and Columbia losing to Colgate 35–22.

Ithaca, last year's Division III champion and currently ranked No. 1, brought its record to 8–0 by defeating C.W. Post 30–7.

PITT (6–1)
PENN STATE (6–1) SYRACUSE (4–3)

by Paul Zimmerman

Happy days are here again

A failure across the bay, Jim Plunkett has surfaced as a savior for Oakland



Plunkett riddled Seattle for three touchdowns

There are flecks of gray in his coal-black hair, particularly around the sideburns and at the back of his neck. Heisman quarterbacks never seem to age, but Jim Plunkett is 32 now, and when he smiles it's sad and slow because 10 years in the NFL have taught him that darkness follows light and that the good things have a way of turning ugly.

It is two days before last Sunday's game against Seattle, and Plunkett is sitting in a restaurant a mile away from the Oakland Raiders' practice field, fiddling with a cup of coffee. Every few minutes a waitress shows up with a handful of things for him to autograph. "Three more," she says, handing him two napkins and a menu. Plunkett smiles and reaches for his pen.

Two games are all it has taken to get the fans back in Plunkett's corner again, two games in which he has been the starting quarterback, a job he inherited when a pair of Kansas City linemen decided to meet at Dan Pastorini's right leg, totaling him for the season.

The chef comes out. He wants Plunkett to autograph his toque. "You don't want his autograph?" he says to the waitress. "Oh no," she says, "I got it last year—before he started doing all that wild passing."

The wild passing had come in the Oct. 20 Monday night game against the Steelers—a 45-yard touchdown to Morris Bradshaw, a 56-yard TD to Cliff Branch, a 34-yard scoring toss to Branch that put the game away. The last TD to Branch was memorable; Plunkett stepped up into the teeth of a blitz and let the ball go just before he went down.

It hadn't been so wild the week before against San Diego, though. For Plunkett, that one was a surgical job, an 11-for-14 day when he was knocked out of action but returned to beat another of the NFL's superpowers.

"I try to take this as lightly as possible," Plunkett says. "I tell people, 'Well, it's only two games, so don't go wild.' But I guess everyone likes fairy tales."

Make that three games. On Sunday in Oakland, Plunkett threw three touchdown passes in the Raiders' 33–14 victory over Seattle. He completed 16 of 25 passes for 214 yards. His three starts show the following: three victories, in which the Raiders have averaged 38.7 points; seven touchdown passes; no interceptions; a 67% completion average. And the Raiders are now 5–3, and tied with San Diego for first in the AFC West.

Ten years ago Plunkett was a scriptwriter's dream, a fairy tale come true. The Mexican-American kid from San Jose's east side, the kid who worked 50 hours a week to help support his mother, who was blind, and his father, who was partially blind; the glory years at Stanford; the Heisman Trophy; the great Rose Bowl win over one of the finest Ohio State teams in history.

Seven first-round draft choices came out of that game, but the NFL didn't treat them kindly. Stanford's Greg Sampson, retired for medical reasons; Ohio State's John Brockington, a wreck before he was 28; Buckeyes Leo Hayden and Tim Anderson, gone; Buckeye Jack Tatum, an afterthought at Houston; Stanford's Jeff Siemon, struggling through still another injury-racked season at Minnesota. And Plunkett? Two years ago he was down for a nine-count, cut by San Francisco, which was to finish with pro football's worst record that season. "Gun-shy and inconsistent," they called him. The end of the dream.

"That period is very vivid in my mind," Plunkett says. "Why do you always remember the bad things so clearly? It's always the interceptions that stick in your mind, not the touchdowns."

He remembers wandering around in a deep depression after the 49ers cut him and sitting in Bob Moore's apartment in Alameda, staring into a forest of empty beer bottles. "Well, our careers are over now," he'd say. Bob Moore, who caught the big pass in the final quarter of the Rose Bowl, was an NFL gypsy who'd just been cut by Chicago. Plunkett and Moore. Two gypsies.

"It was the most miserable period in

continued



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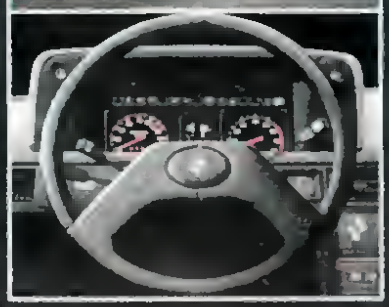
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my life," Plunkett says. "It wasn't so much a feeling of shock as 'What the hell am I going to do now?' I'd sit around Bobby's house or I'd stay home. I didn't want to be with people, to have to talk football with them."

In 1971 UCLA's Tommy Prothro, who was soon to take over as the Rams' head coach, called Plunkett "the best pro quarterback prospect I've ever seen." When it became clear New England would draft him No. 1, their stock jumped 6¼ points, or $1.6 million on paper. In his first NFL game Plunkett threw two touchdown passes as New England upset Oakland 20–6; the next day *The Boston Globe* ran a picture of Plunkett that took up one-quarter of the front page. "The Toast of New England," the headline said.

He was on his way, but there was an ominous historical fact at work. The best college quarterbacks usually go to the worst NFL teams, the teams that draft highest, and they usually wind up playing right away—behind offensive lines that can't protect them. The NFL has been known to eat its young. But what the hell, Plunkett was 23 years old and he had a 6′ 2″, 220-pound body that could take the shots. He finished his rookie season with 19 touchdown passes, second-most in history by a rookie, and the Patriots won six games, the most in five years. Plunkett was named Rookie of the Year. Then the rush got to him.

He was sacked 112 times over the next three seasons. He went through three knee operations. "I can tell what day it is by the way he's walking," said his agent, Bob Woolf. In one 1972 game in Three Rivers Stadium, the Steelers sacked him six times. On the Patriots' bus back to the airport, Charlie Gogolak pushed his seat back with a loud bang and Plunkett jumped. "I'm getting gun-shy, even on buses," Plunkett said. He had come out of the game with a sprained shoulder, bruised ribs and a black eye. "It seems like I'm getting hurt more this year," he said then. "I got hit last year and I got right back up. This year sometimes I don't get up so quick."

In 1973 Chuck Fairbanks arrived in New England from Oklahoma, where quarterbacks don't call their own plays, as Plunkett had been doing, and where they run the option. In an exhibition game in 1975, San Diego's Coy Bacon put Plunkett out of action with a separated shoulder. A pin was inserted. Six weeks later Plunkett was playing against the 49ers. Fairbanks sent in an option play on short yardage, and Plunkett picked up a first down. "Dave Washington, their linebacker, said to me, 'Hey, don't be running that thing. You'll get yourself killed,' " Plunkett says. "Next series Chuck sent it in again, and this time Washington got me from the blind side and knocked the pin loose." Three weeks later he was back, and this time a knee injury finished him for the season. In December, Plunkett asked to be traded. New England obliged on April 5, 1976, and in a deal that four years later is still lovingly recorded in the Pats' press guide, they sent Plunkett to the 49ers for three No. 1 draft choices, a No. 2 and backup Quarterback Tom Owen.

Plunkett was inconsistent in San Francisco, and the fans booed him. In his second year with the club, General Manager Joe Thomas canned Coach Monte Clarke and brought in Ken Meyer. He was Plunkett's fifth coach in seven seasons. "He'd call the plays from the sidelines by a system of body signals," Plunkett says. "It was so ridiculous. All the parts of the body referred to certain numbers. It was actually funny."

Plunkett's pass protection was spotty. Once, in New England, Fairbanks had taken him into the film room and shown him that when he set up to pass, his feet were positioned for running rather than passing—which seemed like a sensible thing to do, given the basic human instinct for survival. Now, in San Francisco, Plunkett was reverting to those escapist tendencies.

"I guess I was gun-shy," Plunkett says. "Pain is a mental thing. You can always bounce back, but the hard part is the realization that it's not going to stop. It's like the Chinese water torture. A couple of drops won't hurt you, but the idea of all of them is what drives you nuts."

In 1978 the 49ers gave up on Plunkett and cut him six days before the regular season began. Four days later the Raiders had him over for a tryout. The Raiders. The court of last resort, the legion of the damned. Give us your tired, your broken in spirit. But the Raiders did have a rich tradition of passing quarterbacks, and a big league line to protect them.

"We just wanted to see if his arm was sound, and we found out it was," says Raider owner Al Davis. "He was beat, he was hurt. He'd been whipped in two cities, but he still felt he could play. We told him, 'Relax, watch, learn, throw. Get yourself back in shape.' "



After seven sad seasons, Jim can smile now

In 1978 Plunkett didn't play in a game. In 1979 he threw 15 passes, completing seven. He was picking up splinters, but another thing was happening. His body was getting strong. He was catching on to a real live offensive system. He wanted to play. He asked to be traded. Be patient, the Raiders told him.

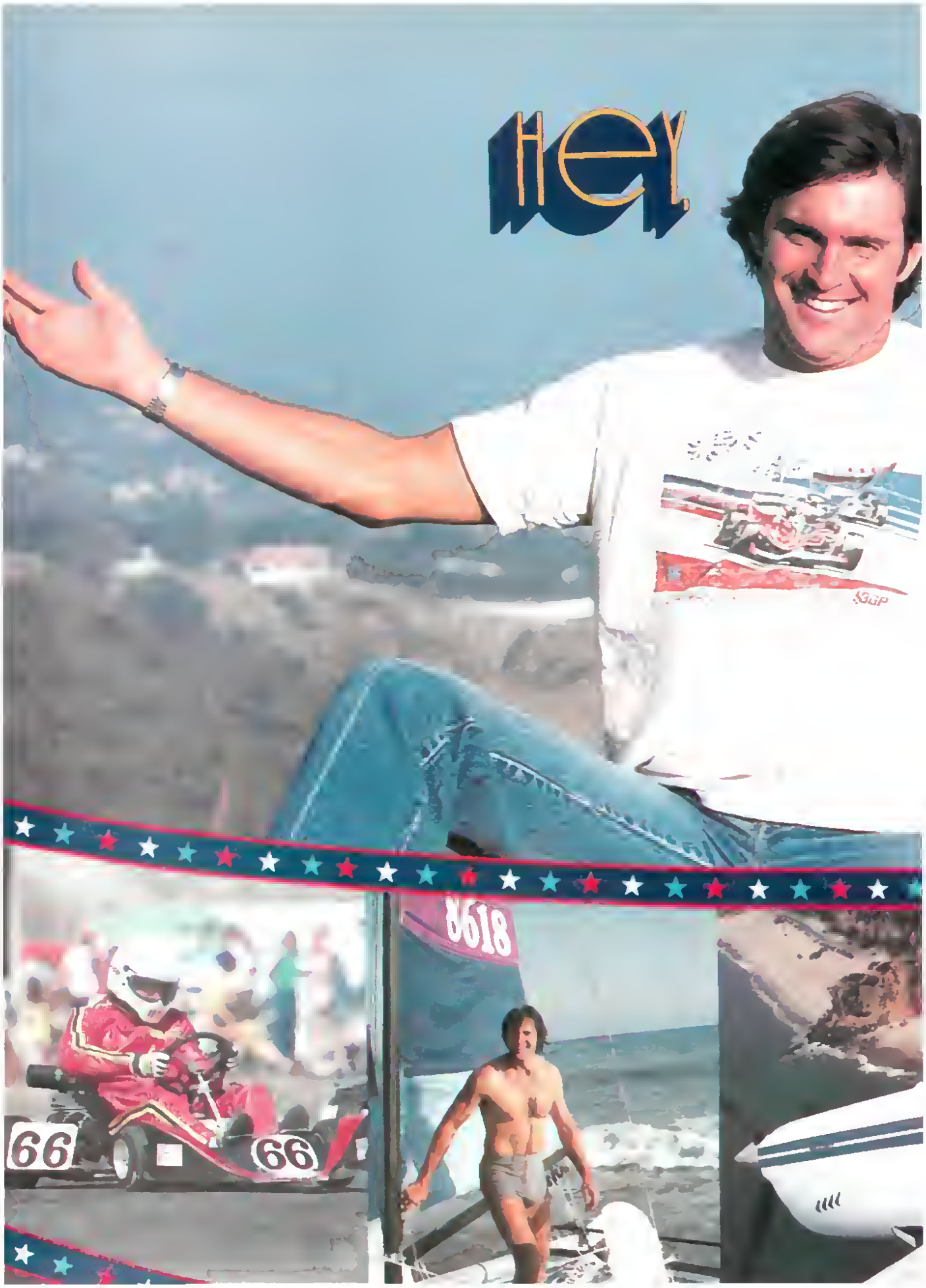
Six weeks ago, in the Raiders' overtime loss at San Diego, Plunkett came in for one play, when Pastorini was knocked out of action. With 33 seconds to go, he threw a fourth-down touchdown pass to Ray Chester that sent the game into sudden death. Then Pastorini came back.

"Sure, that bothered me," Plunkett says.

"It was a tough decision," says Raider Coach Tom Flores, "but I had to go with the guy who'd been playing the whole way, who had the feel of the game."

Three weeks later Pastorini went down for the season, and the Raiders found themselves with a living and breathing Jim Plunkett, who has yet to experience defeat as a starter this season.

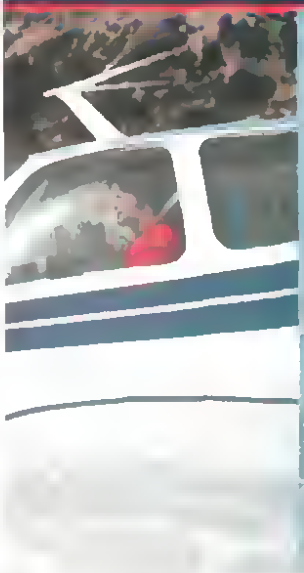
"Four games—only four so far—let's hold off on the excitement," says Plunkett, who knows what it's like when the dream dies. **END**


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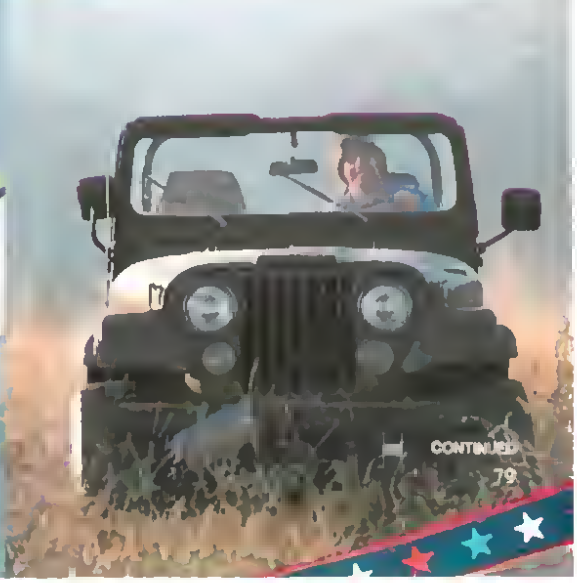
MISTER FANTASY MAN

. . . otherwise known as Bruce Jenner, Olympic hero, TV personality, rising movie star, enactor of the common man's dreams: he sails, he surfs, he flies planes, he races autos. He's living, baby, really living!

by LOI OTIUM







CONTINUED

running shorts and a white BMW T shirt. A gold chain at his throat bearing the numerals 73076, the date of his triumph in the decathlon at the Montreal Olympics, catches the sunlight. He is barefoot. He is smiling.

The camera continues pulling away, up through the open car roof, rising faster and faster, and now we see that the Porsche is tooling along the Pacific Coast Highway toward Malibu. The million-dollar shanty houses and the ocean are on the left, the towering sandy cliff on



Alone in his pleasantly cluttered beech-front bachelor pad Jenner works at mastering the guitar

FADE IN on the top of Bruce Jenner's head. A tight shot, from the eyebrows up. His caramel-swirl hair is buffeted by winds. Occasionally, the wind stops; when it does the hair falls back perfectly into its sculptured cut as if God's hand had just reached down and patted it into place. Now the camera pulls back slowly, and we see that Jenner is at the wheel of his brandy-colored 1980 Porsche 924 Turbo. The windows are down and the sunroof is open. Between the traffic lights the car hums in third gear with the purr of an engine loafing well under its potential. Jenner is wearing tan terry-cloth

the right. At this point we notice that the smog is palpable. The air is thick with smoky haze and metallic gray in hue. The air is so dense that the titles are projected right onto the smog as the tiny Porsche rolls along far below.

Cut to title:

HEY, MISTER FANTASY MAN

The credits appear in simple white lettering on the smog. Throughout, the sound track is of the Village People humming *The Olympic Hymn*.

The music ends at the final credit, and on the highway, far below, the Porsche whips into a tight U-turn and scoots into a gap in a long row of parked cars. The camera zooms down to a close-up through the driver's window. On the other side of the Porsche we see an unpainted cedar fence, much like all the other fences that form a ragged wall for miles in either direction. The beach houses in Malibu turn their backsides to the highway, and like most Malibu fences, this one is posted. There is a sign with a drawing of a policeman, and it says: DON'T EVEN THINK OF PARKING HERE!

Jenner uncoils from the Porsche. In this shot, the juxtaposition of car and man serves to emphasize Jenner's stature. he is 6' 2" and 190 pounds, with a deep chest and thickset shoulders. As he walks along the fence Jenner passes the open door of his two-car garage. Parked inside are a bone-white 1977 Porsche Turbo Carerra and a 1979 Jeep, open-topped, equipped with new BF Goodrich All-Terrain tires. Jenner traces a line across the roof of the white Porsche with a fingertip. The car is dusty from lack of use. He opens a gate in the fence, the camera following him as he sluffs down the rackety wooden steps to his bachelor apartment.

Like most of the beach shanties here, the house not only faces the ocean, but also looks as though it spends some of its time *in* the water. The structural woods are all salt-faded to a uniform gray, and there is a fine coating of sand on everything. Lined in a neat row on the porch are four Kawasaki Jet Skis. Beyond, at the corner of the house, is an 18-foot Hobie Cat. Jenner disappears inside for a moment and returns carrying a can of Coors. He sits down on the edge of the porch, pops open the can and swings his legs. He looks around, smiling at the Jet Skis, at his sailboat, at the sparkling Pacific. The camera closes in stealthily until the entire screen is filled with Jenner's big, perfect teeth. These are not the translucent white models that speak of expensive capping at the hands of a Hollywood dentist; they are original-owner, non-reflective, chalk-white, each one in precise alignment with its neighbor.

The cameraman holds this shot while the voice-over is heard for the first time. At times the voice will address Jenner directly, at other times it will merely lurk around making comments. The voice will

sound both comforting and believable, blending the tones of, say, George Sanders and Claude Rains.

VOICE-OVER

This is a man and his toys. This is Bruce Jenner revisited, Bruce Jenner four years after his singular golden triumph in Montreal. Jenner does not toil, not in the sense that we know it. His role is unique, and for that reason it is particularly fitting that we find him here at his beachside hideaway. (Pause for dramatic effect.) Bruce Jenner is living out our fantasies for us. This is the role that we, ourselves, assigned to him when he emerged from the Olympics with his tawny hair ablaze, for in that bright moment, we all became a bit of Bruce Jenner.

We all fantasize: we swagger through our daydreams. But we are too thick-waisted to play the role in reality. Our hair, once so dense and lustrous, has turned mouse-colored and thin. Our teeth are irregular, and the cap on the upper left canine doesn't quite match the others. But those are mere cosmetic reasons. The final, crushing truth is that we're *all too damn busy* to do all of these things that Jenner does for us. We have reports to get out, deadlines to meet; who has time to go jet skiing in the middle of the day in the middle of the week?

(The camera begins slowly easing back from Jenner's teeth. He is still smiling, and the Pacific breeze is gently ruffling his hair—not rearranging the upside-down salad-bowl lines, but *ruffling* it.)

And so it must be Bruce Jenner. At some future time, in some more advanced society, we shall hire people to live out our fantasies *in* a beautiful cavity-free world where everything is done in full color and wide screen. But for now, Bruce Jenner must do it for us. Jenner has the time, and we—all of us—have made sure that he has the money and the toys. He became our selection four years ago when he got 8,618 points in the decathlon—more than anyone in the world had ever scored—and when he behaved so graciously in victory. And we chose well: surely nobody had worked harder to win a decathlon gold medal or deserved it more, and surely no man was ever more honest about what he intended to do with his newfound celebrity. We all knew from the start that Bruce Jenner would not wear the gold medal, but that the gold medal would wear him. The association is forever locked into our subconscious, so that the words Jenner and decathlon and gold medal are inseparable. And, as we shall now see, in terms of living out our fantasies, Jenner is doing the best he can. FADE OUT.

FADE IN on the raggedy bluffs above Malibu. The Pacific is off in the distance. The ridge just ahead of the camera peaks into a sharply defined backbone. The '79 Jeep is slamming along this narrow line, one set of wheels on each side. It is clear that one wrong move will send the Jeep cartwheeling hundreds of feet down into the cliffside homes below. Jenner slams the Jeep to a stop just at the camera, and the cloud of reddish dust that has been following the vehicle catches up and settles thickly on him like gritty rain. He grins through it.

JENNER

If the Jeep goes over, you try to get out of the seat belt and jump clear. And then you just sort of start grabbing for sagebrush and stuff. (He leans out and peers down at the rooftops far below.) I don't know which would hit the bottom first, me or this Jeep.

VOICE-OVER

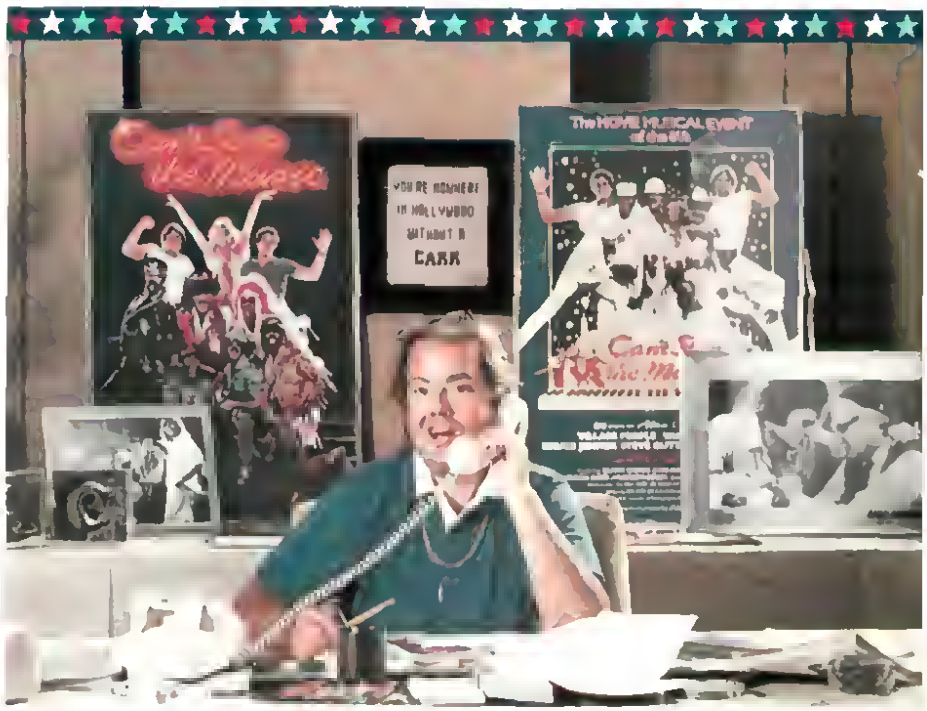
(Alarmed.) All right, just sit still. Now tell us, what are you up to these days? I mean, aside from this perilous position here on the spine of California.

JENNER

So much has changed. Everything has changed. I'm 31 now, pretty much the same size and same weight, but it's Bruce Jenner four years later. I seem to have assembled all these toys. I've been catching up for all the years I didn't play. There are the two Porsches. There's this Jeep, plus two trail bikes and four Jet Skis and some go-karts. And the Hobie 18 and a Beechcraft Bonanza. I'm going for my instrument rating. I've become a television sportscaster, a color man mostly. I've done commercials. I've appeared in a movie—*Can't Stop the Music*—to, uh, to mixed reviews. I'm going to make more movies—I'll tell you about them in a min-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN



Effusive movie producer Carr sees a brilliant future in films for Jenner, despite Bruce's slow start

ute—and I race cars now; it's become a consuming passion. I'm getting a divorce from Chrystie—the all-American couple is splitting up. A *lot* has changed. But now I'm in control of my life, I run the whole thing. . . .

VOICE-OVER

You mean you didn't . . . ?

JENNER

That first year after the Games, I was naive. I mean, I relied on a lot of other people to make my decisions. After all, when I was growing up, I wasn't that much into books. I didn't have much confidence in myself intellectually. But now, four years later, I've found out that when you get out into the big, bad world, hey, it turns out *you know just as much as everybody else does*, because they don't know what they're talking about, either. They . . .

VOICE-OVER

You've discovered our secret.

JENNER

(Starting the Jeep and revving the engine.) Right. Nobody really knows anything. A lot of people are faking it through life. We're all in the same boat here, just trying to get ahead. FADE OUT.

FADE IN: Head shot of a cherubic young man. He is wearing a caftan. He is talking on the phone. When he becomes aware of the camera, he waggles one finger in a be-with-you-in-a-minute gesture and goes on talking.

VOICE-OVER

This man is Allan Carr, onetime Hollywood business manager and agent, now a big producer—one of the very biggest. He co-produced *Grease*; it has made millions. He also produced *Can't Stop the Music*, which was not a box-office smash in this country, though it's making up for that overseas. Carr spotted Jenner a couple of years ago. He sees something very special in him, something Carr feels has been missing from U.S. movies for too long. He sees . . .

CARR

(Hangs up phone.) I'll tell you what it is. I'll describe it: I was giving a big party at my place. *Everybody* was there. Liza Minnelli, Halston, many others. There were at least 40 famous people in the room. Bruce walked in and basically stopped the party. People murmured, "Who's *that*?" Well, then. Bruce is aware of this, but he's gifted enough not to take himself too seriously. He looks like a leading man should look. Not at all like actors look today who come in three basic types. The most common is the Street Look, then there is the Italian Derivative, and after that everybody's a Travolta Clone. But Jenner will go on much in the manner of a Kirk Douglas—now there's another former athlete, a college wrestler, I believe, who went into acting—and like Douglas, Jenner will be bankable 20 years later.

VOICE-OVER

But this appeal that you . . .

CARR

Jenner's appeal, dear chap, is not unlike that of Christopher Reeve, who played Superman. The appeal is to *both* sexes, to men and women. Women can ooh and aah over Jenner, and their husbands and boyfriends won't feel threatened by him. That's the appeal.

VOICE-OVER

And Bruce Jenner will be a star in your new movie? The Hitchcock-inspired detective story?

CARR

We hope to start shooting by spring, with Jenner in a leading role. . . .

VOICE-OVER

What's the title of the new movie?

CARR

I won't tell you. If I told you, it would appear as a mini-drama on TV next week. I call it my "woman in jeopardy" movie. If you come up with a better title, call me. And, yes, it was inspired by Alfred Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*; Jenner plays the Cary Grant role, if you can call it that.

VOICE-OVER

A detective, Jenner told us. I got it. Why not have Jenner wear a sort of pencil-line mustache, like William Powell in *The Thin Man*?

CARR

No. No pencil-line mustache. But maybe (he giggles), maybe just a little haircut. FADE OUT.



Cord (left), who got Jenner interested in endurance racing, says Bruce "has got the chemistry"

continued



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Wallach, Jenner's longtime agent, is his confidant, adviser, co-producer and tennis rival as well.

FADE IN: A low-level shot of surf rolling in, three- and four-foot waves in close order. Gradually we become aware of an approaching high-pitched engine; it snarls, growing louder. Suddenly, a Kawasaki Jet Ski leaps into the picture, flying off the crest of a wave. It soars crookedly for 12 feet into the air, producing a halo of spray that shines like diamonds. Its driver, wearing a cut-off wetsuit and Bruce Jenner signature-model running shoes, accepts the fact that he is headed for a crash and pushes the Jet Ski away so that it won't land on him. Man and machine do half-barrel rolls and splash upside-down into the surf. In a moment, Jenner's head emerges from the top of another wave. He shakes the hair out of his eyes with a snap of his head and pulls the shut-off Jet Ski over. He crosses his arms on it and uses it as a float, resting his chin on his forearms.

JENNER

As I was saying, I run my own life these days. Funny, but I've found that my perspective has changed. Now, four years after the gold medal, I don't want to be seen quite as much. I don't know, perhaps I shouldn't be seen as much. I'd like to suddenly appear from time to time in something nice—like the football movie we're working on. And then the folks would say, 'Hey, there's old Bruce. I haven't seen him in a while. It's good to see him.' That's one of the reasons I'm backing off a bit, becoming more selective about what jobs I do. I'm financially more secure, don't have to worry about the bills being paid next week. If there was a time when it seemed that I was too visible, you've got to remember that it wasn't so much me capitalizing on the Games—but that I needed a job. People offered me work at a nice salary. It was more like other people trying to capitalize on what I had done. They called me, I didn't call them. And that first year I did basically what everybody asked me to do . . .

VOICE-OVER

I see that the much-decorated Eric Heiden zinged you pretty good after the Lake Placid Games.

JENNER

Hey, I don't put Heiden down at all. The only thing I didn't like was some of the comments he made. (He changes his voice and mimics what he thinks Heiden sounds like.) 'I don't want to capitalize off the Games like Bruce Jenner did.' (Jenner makes a time-out signal with his hands.) Hold it! Time! Capitalize on the Games? Waaait a second. I would like to see what would happen if somebody came up to him and offered *him* a million dollars for two years of work. The guy would be craaaazy not to look seriously at it. But say also that it's something good, a good product that not only pays him money but starts a youth speedskating camp where underprivileged kids can go and learn. Lots of good things can come out of this, not just Heiden getting a few dollars in his pocket. He can't just say, 'He's wrong in doing that.' There's nothing that says you have to do anything after an Olympics; it depends on the individual. What the individual would like and where he's at . . .

VOICE-OVER

(Dryly.) Or what space he's in . . .

JENNER

(Enjoying this Hollywood parody.) Yeah, or where his head's at. Anyway, the criticism doesn't bother me. FADE OUT.

FADE IN on low-level shot of a blacktop racetrack, the rising heat waves distorting what seems to be an approaching red dot. Swiftly and noisily the dot takes shape as a race car, a shining Chevrolet Monza. We hear the driver pop it down through the gears, and the car stops at the camera. Most of the driver's face is obscured by his crash helmet, but the famous teeth, bared in an exuberant grin, tell us who it is. A square-jawed man with a stopwatch leans in the window and talks to the driver, who's zapping the engine all the while. When the man straightens, the Monza peels away in a burst of red, fishtailing a bit, the tires trailing smoke. The camera closes in on the man with the watch.

VOICE-OVER

This gentleman is Chris Cord, who is 40 years old, an investment banker, a brilliant builder of race cars and a member of an authentic U.S automotive dynasty. He is a grandson of E.L. Cord, who designed the fabulous Cord automobile in 1929. Chris Cord is the owner, director and guiding force of a two-car GT-class team on the International Motor Sports

continued

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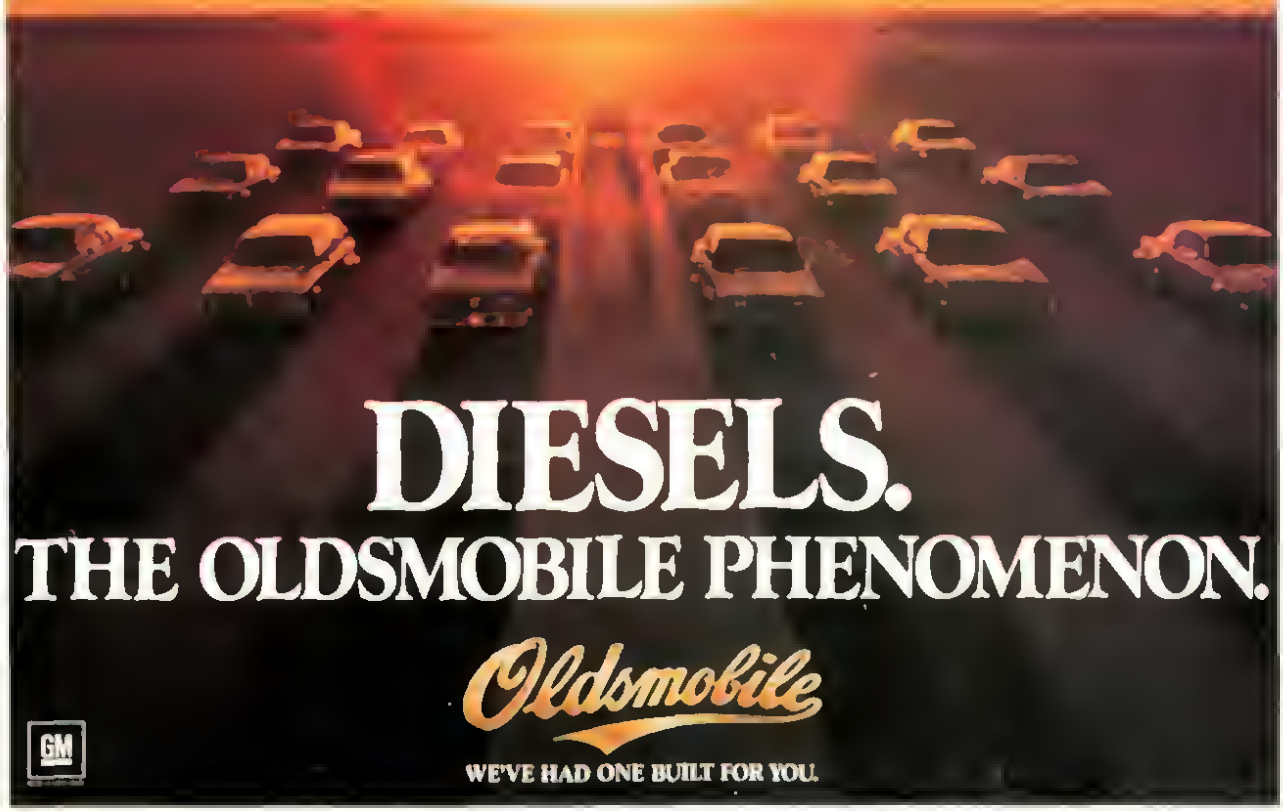
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Cutlass	19.8	23	455	34	673	Toronado	22.8	21	478	31	706
Cutlass Cruiser	18.2	23	418	34	618	Ninety-Eight	27.0	21	567	33	891
Delta 88	27.0	23	621	34	918	Custom Cruiser	22.0	21	462	33	726

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Linda and Bruce with his son, who's nicknamed Ol' Burt.

Association's endurance circuit. The cars are built at Cord's shop in Los Angeles: 200-mph creatures that are a joy to behold. These people are serious; they're not candy-tails playing at racing. The cars are expensive—$150,000 each—and are sponsored by Budweiser. This is the only U.S. team left on a circuit now dominated by factory-supported Porsches and BMWs and Lord knows what all—and the promising new driver on this team is Jenner, who is, we guess, about as U.S. as you can get.

CORD

No question about it, Jenner's athletic background seems to uniquely qualify him to be a race driver. But beyond this native ability, he has the chemistry to drive well. That is, he adapts well to intense pressure. . . .

(The car flashes past the camera again in a smear of bright red, and briefly, subliminally, we see the driver flash Cord a thumbs-up signal.)

This has been a shakedown season for these cars; they're very exotic, a combination of power and delicacy. By next season, hopefully with Bruce in our crew, we expect to be very competitive, a force on this circuit.

VOICE-OVER

(Interrupting.) Do you happen to have one of your grandfather's Cord cars?

CORD

I do, indeed. A 1937 Supercharged Sportsman 812. I drive it regularly.

VOICE-OVER

You, uh, you wouldn't consider . . .

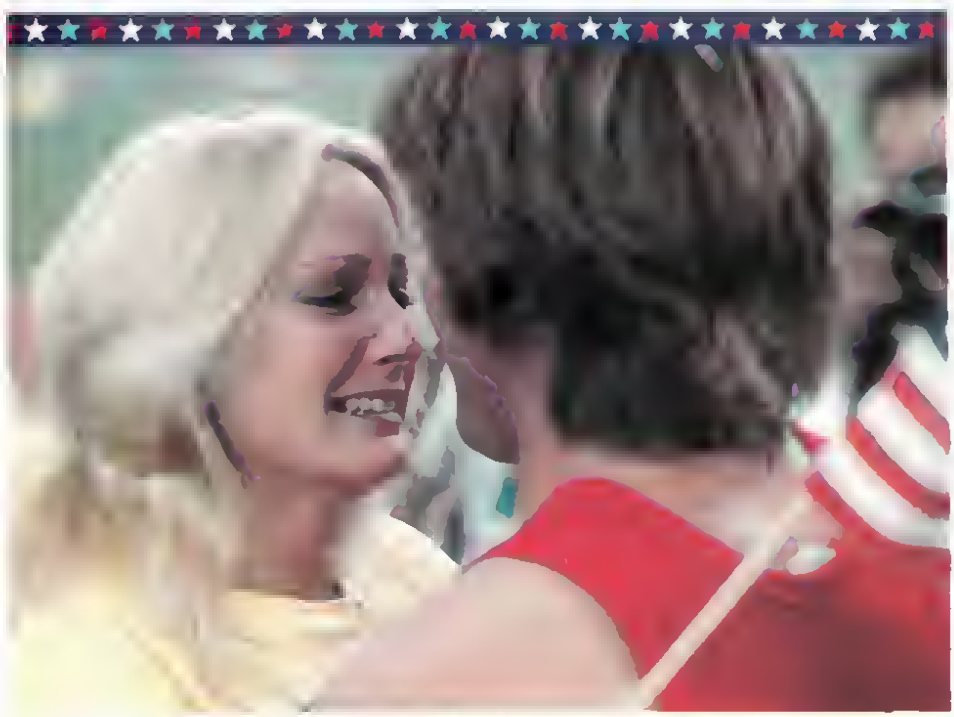
CORD

Of course not. Besides, we're in the middle of a movie, remember? FADE OUT.

FADE IN on an 18-foot Hobie Cat slashing through the surf off Malibu, with one hull flying high and throwing off spray. The multicolored mainsail displays 8618 in huge white numbers that can be read from a great distance—not the registry of the boat, but the world-record point total amassed by Jenner in his Olympic decathlon victory. The hull slams down with a splash as the camera closes in and Jenner relaxes on the trampoline, one hand on the tiller.

JENNER

Consider this for just a second. This is why I worked so hard at first. When the Games ended on the evening of July 30, 1976, when I had won my medal, I figured that I had four years from that moment to learn a trade. Four years and no more, because when the next Olympic champion came along he'd obviously take my spot as the . . . whatever you want to call it, as the sports hero I was. I'd like always to be remembered as the Olympic champion. But now because of the boycott, us not going to the Moscow Games, I'm still the last U.S. Olympic hero of the Summer Games. Still, I can't live on just that memory. And maybe now, at last, I'm starting to look a little more human. FADE OUT.



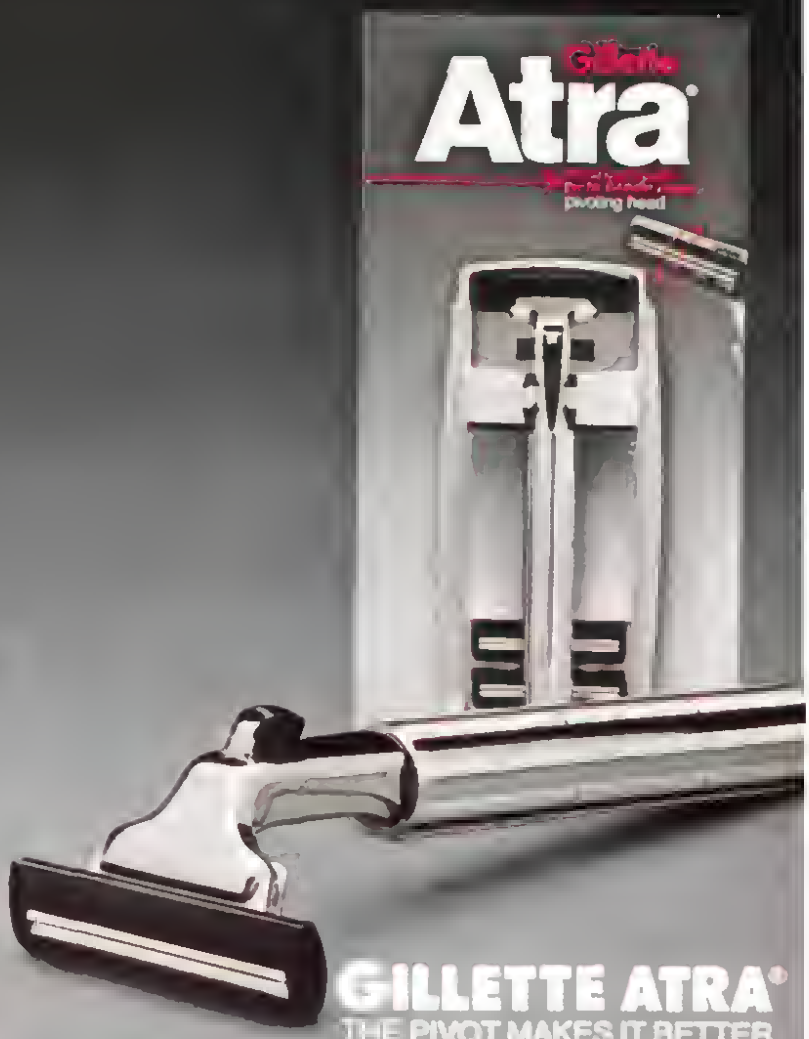
Chrystie, Jenner's now-estranged wife, cried for joy when Bruce won the decathlon in Montreal

FADE IN on Sunset Boulevard at the point in Beverly Hills where it skirts the UCLA campus. It is early morning, and several joggers are laboring up Bush Hill, named for Track Coach Jim Bush, who sentences his teams to run the murderous slope in training. Gradually the camera closes in on one man: he's well-conditioned,

continued

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dark-haired and in his early 40s. He's wearing a look so intense that his face seems almost aggrieved.

VOICE-OVER

This gentleman-jogger is George Wallach, the agent, adviser, molder, counselor—indeed, the founder—of Bruce Jenner. Well before the Olympics, Wallach saw the luminous potential in Jenner, and he has guided Jenner's career from the moment the Games ended.

(The jogger runs up to the camera and stops, puffing a bit. He lifts the bottom of his T shirt and pats his face dry.)

Wallach is a man who explodes with marketable ideas that elude you and me. While he is catching his breath, I'll give you an example. We all recall the Coca-Cola commercial featuring Mean Joe Greene and the little boy. Of course we do; it has played endlessly on TV, never failing to stir our hard hearts. It won one of advertising's Clio Awards. Well, it was George Wallach here who saw a story line that begins where the commercial ends. He has sold his idea to NBC, which will develop it into a one-hour drama for children. Wallach saw it this way: suppose that the kid were a runaway and he were to spend a week living with the Pittsburgh Steelers, where he finds out that a football team is, in effect, a *family*, not unlike the one he'd just run away from, and that families must learn to get along and . . . are you with me? Of course. Wallach's current key project is a movie about Grambling football. It will be coproduced by Jenner and Wallach, who have formed their own movie-production company. They sold the movie to NBC, which has Jenner under contract and must use him to get its money's worth. Thus, NBC is providing the development money to make the picture. It's tentatively scheduled for next fall.

WALLACH

This movie will be based on a true story about the first white football player at Grambling, the once all-black college. We'll shoot it at Grambling, and Bruce will star as the white quarterback . .

VOICE-OVER

The title?

WALLACH

The name of the book, by Bruce Bahrenburg, is *My Little Brother's Coming Tomorrow*. The working title on our teleplay has been *White Tiger*. But I. . . .

VOICE-OVER

Don't tell me it'll air as *White Tiger*.

WALLACH

I don't think so. I hope not. But it will be a major move for us, Bruce and me. He's in line for Carr's woman-in-jeopardy film, as you know, and we're negotiating for the rights to the Peter Revson story, with Bruce to play the part of the late Peter Revson, the millionaire sports-car racer. . .

VOICE-OVER

Well, I must say it sounds as if your plans for Bruce are . . .

WALLACH

(Holds up one hand.) One more thing.

VOICE-OVER

Hmmmm?

WALLACH

Just this. Bruce wasn't offered the NBC contract, nor was he offered the opportunity to appear in a major film, because he won a track meet four years ago.

VOICE-OVER

I'm afraid I don't follow. . . .

WALLACH

(Patiently.) Look. The opportunities came because Jenner won the gold medal. True. But the successes came because of his talent, because of the way he's handled it, because he's Bruce Jenner.

VOICE-OVER

And on that note. . . .

WALLACH

I must be running along. FADE OUT.

FADE IN on Jenner's bachelor apartment in the beach house at Malibu. The windows and sliding door are open, and a soft breeze and the sound of nearby surf move through the rooms. Jenner is sprawled on his sofa wearing only gym shorts. He looks around happily at the comfortable clutter. Nearby is his TV set and tape deck, with video cassettes stacked randomly on top. A new guitar leans against a wall and another new guitar is in a chair on top of a pile of unsorted laundry, mostly T shirts. The dishwasher door is open, with the rack pulled out for easy access to clean dishes. The enormous round coffee table is covered with various objects: empty coffee mugs, the keys to assorted cars, crumpled paper money, books, magazines, note pads, a telephone. More books and magazines are piled along the walls.

JENNER

I just straightened this place up. You should have seen it. (He slumps further on the sofa and then grins in a burst of white.) Wallach told you about the Grambling movie? That's a tough acting role. That's a very heavy movie. I mean, it's going to be controversial. First, I'm dating a black girl, O.K.? In an all-black school in the late '60s. And going out for the football team. A lot of heavy, heavy scenes. The black guys say, "Hey, you're that good? You better prove yourself." I mean, they don't give him an inch. There's a good fight scene where the white kid has been knocked down for about the umpteenth time and he knows he's got to do something about it or it's going to go on forever. And, man, he comes up scrambling, and there's a hell of a fight. (He pauses, reflecting on the role.) You know, acting is a skill. A *skill*. When I was an athlete, we called it training. Now we call it rehearsal.

VOICE-OVER

All right. So much for Jenner the matinee idol. What of Jenner the man?

JENNER

(Grins.) One of my problems was that I could never live up to, quote, Bruce Jenner, unquote. I mean, because of the Olympics, people put me up on such a high pedestal. . . It's just about impossible to live a normal life. I mean, I went out and people said, "Well, what'll you have, Bruce—a nice glass of milk?" And I go, "Um, if you don't mind, I'd rather have a beer." And they're shocked. As far as my getting a divorce, you wouldn't believe some of the stuff I've gotten; letters and all. Maybe somehow the divorce will make me seem more human. The Wheaties people were more concerned about me than they were upset. Bruce Jenner, all-American, apple pie and ice cream, and all of a sudden zappo! into a divorce. But it happens. I'm human, too. In spite of that, the way I lead my life

continued

pretty much matches the image. I don't fool around with women. Besides having a few beers, I don't drink. I don't go carousing. FADE OUT.

FADE IN: Headshot of an attractive blonde in her mid-to-late 20s. Her face has a certain familiar look of determination, perhaps emphasized by a squarish cast of jawline. She looks directly back at the camera, not smiling, not frowning.

VOICE-OVER

And this is Chrystie, the former Miss Chrystie Crownover. She married Bruce Jenner on Dec. 16, 1972 and gave birth to two children, Burt, on Sept. 6, 1978, and Casey, on June 10, 1980. She is soon to become the former Mrs. Bruce Jenner. Their story is more or less typically American, with no special surprises. They were college sweethearts at Graceland College in Iowa. Chrystie helped put Bruce through school; indeed, with Chrystie's stern guidance, Jenner made the dean's list on two occasions. In a post-Olympic book written with Jenner, author Phillip Finch recalls that it was a household joke—now deemed apocryphal, of course—that "If they should ever divorce, there may be a nasty argument over who gets custody of Bruce's diploma." Well, they are, in fact, getting divorced. But, as happens when big money and big success are involved, custody of the diploma may be the least of their problems. It's important to note here—if only for its uniqueness in Tinsel Town—that there is no scandal involved in this divorce; there have been no well-publicized outcries or carryings-on in the Hollywood press. This is that rarity, the quiet, civilized dissolution of a marriage. Chrystie might be bitter; we don't know. If so, she doesn't speak of it, again a unique stance in this let-me-tell-you-all-my-troubles world. What Chrystie does speak about is. . .

CHRYSTIE

Bruce's future. I tend to vacillate, I guess, on what course would be the best for him. I think that he has a super future as a sports newscaster or color man; he's becoming more and more relaxed at it. At the same time, the movies offer an exciting challenge. I must say that in *Can't Stop the Music*, while he played a naive, unaffected part, he's such a dazzling-looking man that he carried it off well. I was disappointed in that movie—but not in Bruce's contribution to it.

VOICE-OVER

Then you think that. . . .

CHRYSTIE

I think that there is a definite future for Bruce in the movies. Only one thing: If I were still involved (she pauses, almost imperceptibly)—which I'm not—I'd advise him to stay away from playing a sports role. Better for his career, I think, if he were to play something else. FADE OUT.

FADE IN on the Malibu living room again. Jenner looks up as the camera enters. He is still sprawled on the couch, with one leg propped on the coffee table, wiggling his bare toes. Between scenes he has added a bag of Famous Amos chocolate-chip cookies to the litter on the table. He indicates the bag with a help-yourself grin of welcome.

VOICE-OVER

Do you think that one day you'll get married again and perhaps settle down?

JENNER

Well, yeah. That's more my life-style. I don't really like running around; it's very boring. I believe in serious relationships and sharing my life with somebody. (He falls silent and stares out the window at the ocean.)

VOICE-OVER

Jenner has recently begun dating Linda Thompson. Linda is a stunning girl, the 1972 Miss Tennessee. She's also the immediate past No. 1 girl friend of the late Elvis Presley, which the gossip columnists still make much of, although Elvis has been dead and gone for three years. NBC even obtained Linda's permission to do a show with an I-was-Elvis'-girlfriend theme. But be that as it may, Bruce and Linda have established a warm relationship.

JENNER

Linda is a great, great lady. It's funny; because of her romance with Elvis and that whole bizarre scene, you'd think she would be different. But, no. She's one of the most down-home, nice, warm girls. She doesn't drink or anything, and she's very serious. I didn't want to get out of one relationship into another. But she came into my life when it was very difficult, a very down time. .

VOICE-OVER

All right. But what does all of this mean to the more mature Jenner?

JENNER

(Snaps his fingers.) Listen. Here's what my life is all about. Linda found this—I'm sorry I can't give proper credit because we don't know who wrote it. But it's my credo, the words that I live by.

VOICE-OVER

All right. We're ready.

JENNER

(Speaking slowly and with emotion.) That man is a success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much, who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who leaves this world a better place than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who never lacks appreciation for earth's beauty or fails to express it; who looks for the best in others and gives the best he has.

VOICE-OVER

Beautiful.

JENNER

You bet it's beautiful. And so here I am. It has been a hectic four years. I've made a lot of money, and I've learned a lot. I've worked hard, and now I'm playing hard. Look at all these toys. It *is* kind of a fantasy life, isn't it? But this is what I worked for all those years before Montreal. I'll always have that tremendous feeling of accomplishment, the satisfaction of walking away from that arena and saying, "Hey, I did it." And now come the good times.

VOICE-OVER

To the victor . . .

JENNER

(Bursts into laughter. He rises, goes to the open door and faces the surf.) You got it! To the victor go the spoils. So let's get on with it. Let's enjoy some of the spoils!

UP MUSIC and FADE OUT as the camera closes in on Jenner's head. END

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VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

THE AUTHOR SEES A VOTE FOR TRAPPING AS ONE FOR NEEDLESS PAIN AND DEATH

The provisions of Ballot Measure 5, which Oregon voters will consider Nov. 4, are quite clear. Immediately upon passage, the measure would prohibit the use and sale of leghold, snare and body-grip traps for fur-taking. It would allow trapping for any human health or safety emergencies identified by the State Health Division. Until 1985, it also would permit trapping for predator control wherever the state Department of Agriculture has verified livestock losses. And despite the implications of its opponents, Measure 5 in no way would restrict the use of mouse, rat, gopher or live "box" traps.

A group called Oregonians Against Trapping spent nine months collecting 66,000 signatures to get Measure 5 on the ballot, and its members are working hard for passage. More than 25 local and national organizations support them, including the Defenders of Wildlife, the Humane Society, the Oregon Chapter of the Sierra Club, Greenpeace and the Friends of the Earth. Their principal reasons for supporting Measure 5 are that about 75% of trapped animals are taken accidentally; that laws requiring that traps be checked every 48 hours are not, and in fact cannot be, enforced; and that whether caught accidentally or on purpose, all trapped animals are either crippled or die unnecessarily cruel deaths.

Stockmen, trappers and furriers, timber companies and hunters are the major opponents of the measure. Many stockmen claim that coyotes, if left uncontrolled, will put them out of business. Oregon's 4,786 licensed trappers sell more than a million dollars' worth of pelts each year, though only about 200 of these trappers make a substantial portion of their income trapping. Timber companies are frightened by mountain beavers, which the companies control with body-grip traps. Some hunters are convinced that banning traps will be the first step toward outlawing all hunting.

So it's the same old story: people promoting their own interests ahead of broader concerns. In so doing, they are guilty of gross oversimplification and irrational thinking. A few years ago I wrote an article on coyotes for *Earthwatch Oregon*, a publication of the Oregon Environmental Council. I mentioned a Texas sheep rancher who caught coyotes in traps, sawed off their lower jaws and then turned the animals loose for his dogs to tear to pieces. I also referred to stockmen who scalped coyotes alive and to others who wired the animals' jaws shut, soaked their bodies in gasoline and lit them. I was amazed at the letters and phone calls I received from sheepmen and ranchers who insisted that such treatment was nothing less than coyotes deserved.

Coyotes have been abused in America for a long time. Consider the following passage from a book called *Trapping*, published in 1947: "Coyotes and wolves today make serious inroads on the stocks of sheep and lambs, cattle, pigs, and poultry, as well as on the wild game mammals and ground-nesting and insectivorous birds. Wherever these predatory animals occur in large numbers, they are a source of worry and loss to stockmen, farmers and sportsmen. The coyote is by far the most persistent of the predators of the western range country. Moreover, it is a carrier of rabies, or hydrophobia. The coyote has also been found to be a carrier of tularemia, a disease of wild rabbits and other rodents that is transmissible and sometimes fatal to human beings." Immediately following this indictment are detailed instructions on how to trap coyotes.

It has never been proved that trapping reduces the incidence of disease in animals. Obviously, traps cannot select only the sick ones, and by the time a disease is identified, it's usually too late to control it through population reduction. Besides, rabies, easily the most common contagious disease carried by animals, is far more likely to be spread by bats and domestic animals than by coyotes.

Nowhere does the book say that rodents make up the bulk of the coyote's diet and that in areas where the coyote population is on the decline, the resulting population explosion of rodents can be devastating. Also ignored is the fact that, ecologically speaking, sheep, with their deep-biting teeth and cutting hooves, have done far more harm to the earth than coyotes.

Though we have learned a good deal about coyotes since 1947, most stockmen either refuse to accept that knowledge or remain egregiously misinformed. Few are aware that the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service handles trapping free of charge when it receives complaints of predation on domestic livestock. More than a million dollars was spent in Oregon last year on such predator control. That is nearly four times the value of the reported losses in livestock. According to an Oregon State University Extension Service report, livestock losses in the state caused by disease and accident outnumber losses to predators.

Sara Polenick, Northwest field representative for the Defenders of Wildlife, is lobbying in Salem for passage of Measure 5. Although she's making no predictions about the election, she is cautiously optimistic. "The opposition has spent a lot more money than we have," says Polenick, "but if we've made enough people understand what it is we want, we should have a chance. All we hope to stop is commercial trapping. Hunting isn't even an issue. Selectivity is the key. We want to end the indiscriminate killing and the suffering of tens of thousands of innocent animals. Deer, elk and livestock do more damage to the forest than mountain beavers, and the traps that timber companies set for beavers catch a lot of other animals, including the beavers' natural enemies. The only reason ranchers aren't using non-lethal control methods is that the government does that for them for free. The steel-jaw traps they use for trapping have hardly changed since the 19th century. But nearly everything else has, and we think the law should, too."

As far back as 1863, Charles Darwin penned an appeal against trapping. "If we attempt to realise the suffering of [an] animal when caught," he wrote in the *Gardeners' Chronicle and Agriculture Gazette*, "we must fancy what it would be to have a limb crushed during a whole long night, between the iron teeth of a trap, and with the agony increased by constant attempts to escape. Few men could endure to watch for five minutes, an animal struggling in a trap with a crushed and torn limb."

Sara Polenick and many people like her continue that appeal. One would hope that we have evolved to the point where a sufficient number of Oregon voters will listen. END

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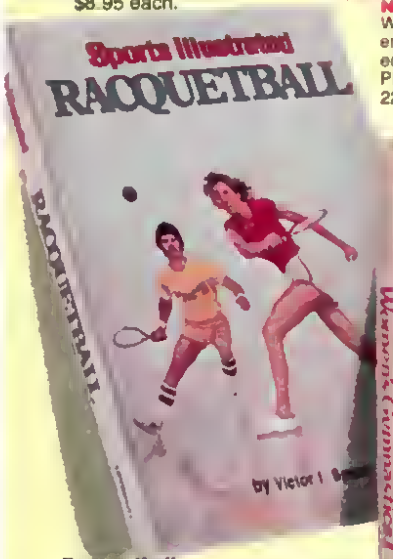
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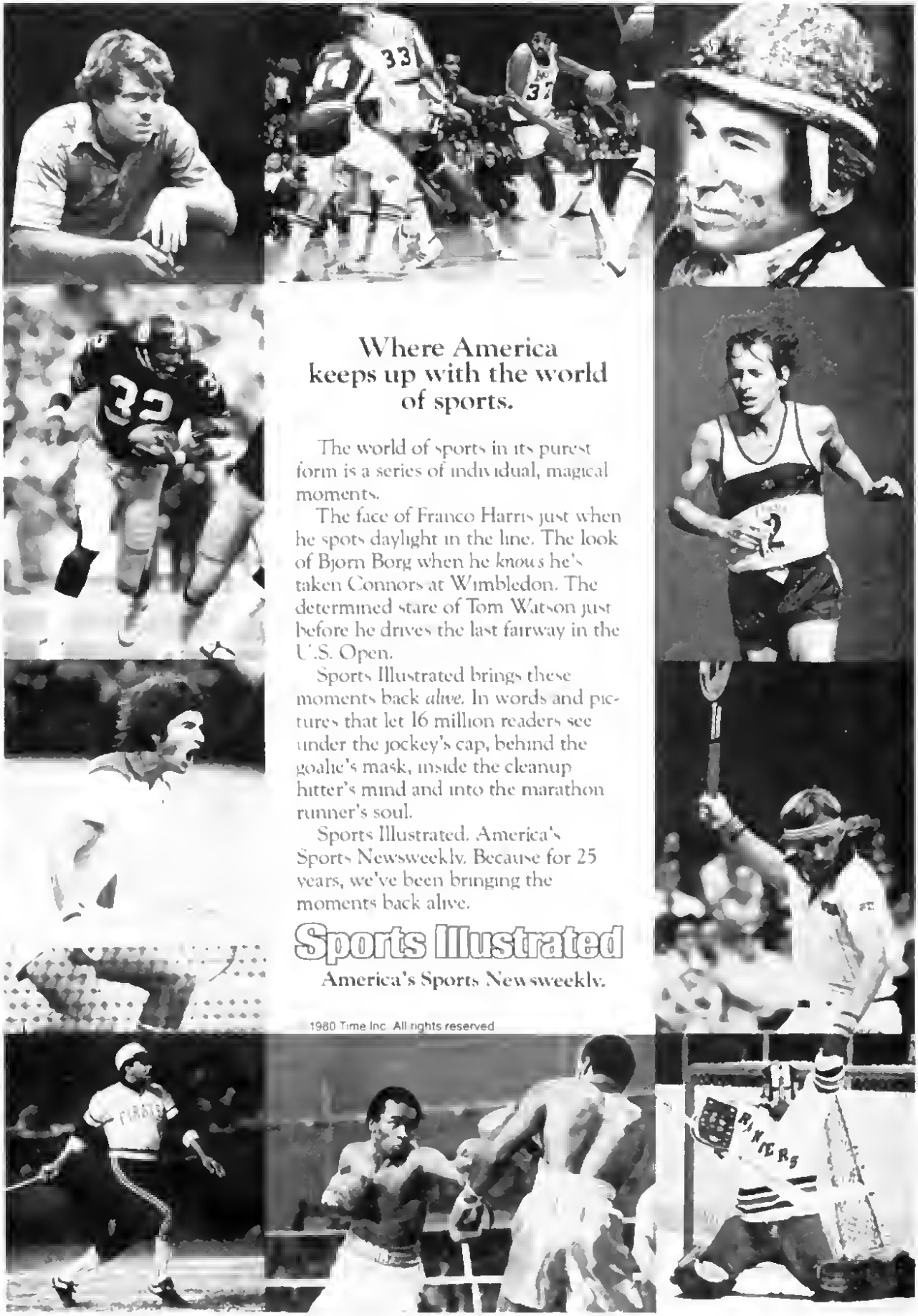


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 20-26

Compiled by CRAIG NEFF

BASEBALL—The Phillies defeated Kansas City 4–1 in Game 6 to win their first World Series (*page 24*)

PRO BASKETBALL—Phoenix was unstoppable holding all four of its opponents to fewer than 100 points and tying Los Angeles for the Pacific lead. The Suns won for the first time ever in San Diego, beating the Clippers 102–84 as Truck Robinson scored 29 points, and then defeated Dallas 111–99, Denver 117–94 and Seattle 100–75. The Sonics had never been held to fewer than 76 points in a game. Meanwhile, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's return—with goggles—after missing two games because of a corneal abrasion buoyed the Lakers, who won three of four. Abdul-Jabbar had 29 points and his 10,000th field goal in a 125–107 victory over Golden State and scored 26 more points in a 104–98 win over Seattle. L.A. also beat Utah 127–99 despite 36 points by Adrian Dantley, the NBA's top scorer (32.6), but in Portland, where the Lakers have won only one regular-season game in three seasons, the Trail Blazers handed them their first loss of the season, 107–103. In the Midwest, San Antonio, whose longest winning streak last season was four games, won its fourth, fifth and sixth in a row to open a 3½-game lead over the Kings. George Gervin's 67 points helped the Spurs beat the Clippers twice: 123–120 and 116–98, but Center George Johnson paced a 128–109 win over Golden State with 15 rebounds, five blocked shots and seven assists. Moses Malone turned in the week's most devastating performance, scoring 41 points and grabbing 26 rebounds for Houston in a 119–117 victory over Denver. The Central and Eastern division leaders, Milwaukee and New York, respectively, relied on balanced scoring in winning all their games. The Knicks had to go 3–0 (beating Chicago 105–97, Boston 109–107 and the Nets 105–101) to stay ahead of Philadelphia, which went 2–0 and, along the way, erased one of the franchise's most embarrassing listings in the record book. The 76ers' 94–93 win over Detroit was the Pistons' 21st loss in a row over two seasons, breaking the mark Philadelphia set in 1972-73.

BOXING—MIKE WEAVER knocked out Gerrie Coetzee in the 13th round in Bophuthatswana to retain his WBA heavyweight title (*page 22*)

PRO FOOTBALL—Pittsburgh's Steel Curtain defense looked like gossamer against the Raiders and Browns, who beat the defending champs 45–34 and 27–26, respectively. Oakland, in raising its Monday night record to 14–1–1, scored the most points ever by a Steeler opponent in Three Rivers Stadium as Jim Plunkett (*page 72*) threw TD passes of 45, 56 and 34 yards. In Cleveland's win, Brian Sipe completed 28 passes for 349 yards and four touchdowns, the most important one an 18-yarder to Ozzie Newsome with 5:38 remaining. Six injured Pittsburgh starters sat out that loss, which left the Steelers at 4–4, a game behind the Browns and Oilers in the AFC Central. In the AFC East, Buffalo tied New England for the lead by whipping the Pats 31–13 on two rushing TDs by Joe Cribbs and a pair of touchdown catches by Frank Lewis. A 54-yard scoring pass from Steve Bartkowski to Alfred Jackson with 1:15 left gave Atlanta a 13–10 win over the Rams and a tie with L.A. for first in the NFC West. Oakland's 33–14 victory over Seattle brought the Raiders even with San Diego, a 42–31 loser to Dallas, atop the AFC West. The NFC East-leading Eagles became the league's first seven-game winner by beating the Bears 17–14 but the Lions, the NFC Central leader, continued to slide by losing to Kansas City 20–17. Elsewhere, Earl Campbell gained 202 yards as Houston defeated the Bengals 23–3; the Cardinals sacked Bert Jones a league-record-tying 12 times in their 17–10 upset of Baltimore; Mark Moseley's five field goals carried Washington past the 0–8 Saints 22–14; Green Bay defeated Minnesota 16–3; Denver beat the Giants 14–9; and Tampa Bay won 24–23 over the 49ers.

GYMNASTICS—BOGDAN MAKUTS and STELLA ZAKHAROVA of the Soviet Union won the men's and women's overall titles at the World Cup in Toronto.

HOCKEY—The Maple Leafs haven't opened a season so well since Lester Pearson was prime minister (1963-68), and the Blues, founded during Lyndon Johnson's presidency, never have got off to as good a start as they have this season. By losing only once each in four games, Toronto (6–2–0) and St. Louis (5–2–2) became the NHL's unlikely co-leaders by a point over Minnesota. The Leafs began the week by ending Buffalo's 20-game, home-ice winning streak 4–2 on a pair of goals by Pat Hickey and then defeated Pittsburgh 8–5 and Calgary 5–4. But against L.A., even Darryl Sittler's hat trick wasn't enough to give Toronto its seventh straight victory as the Kings won their fourth in a row, 5–4. With Mike Liut in the nets, St. Louis picked up a 3–2 win and 3–3 tie against the Caps and a 4–3 triumph over Montreal, but when Ed Staniowski took over the goaltending against Pittsburgh the Blues fell apart. The Penguins scored four goals on 16 shots in the second period and won 9–3. The slumping Islanders tonk only three shots in the third period of a 4–2 loss to the Flyers and didn't make any of them. It was that kind of week for the defending champs, who lost to Vancouver 6–3 and again to Philly 3–1 and let the Whalers tie them 3–3 on a last-second goal by 40-year-old Dave McKeon. Boston and Montreal fared no better: the Bruins stretching their streak of losses to five, and the Canadiens losing three out of four to continue their worst start since the Great Depression. Detroit, on the other hand, finally gave rookie Coach Ted Lindsay his first two wins, 5–1 over Colorado and 4–2 over the Rangers and Edmonton won its first two, beating the Rangers 4–2 and Calgary 5–3 as Dave Semenko scored five goals and Wayne Gretzky set up every one of them.

HORSE RACING—ANIFA ($90.60), ridden by Alfred Gilbert, won the $300,000 International Turf Classic at Aqueduct by three lengths over Golden Act. The 4-year-old filly's time for the 1½ miles was 2:39⅘.

CURE THE BLUES ($3), with Rudy Turcotte aboard, beat Matching Gift by 6½ lengths in the $159,360 *Laurel Futurity* at Laurel Race Course. The unbeaten 2-year-old colt covered the 1⅛ miles in 1:44⅘.

MARATHON—ALBERTO SALAZAR, in a course-record 2:09:41, and GRETE WAITZ, in a world-record 2:25:41, won the men's and women's divisions, respectively, of the New York City Marathon (*page 16*)

TENNIS—IVAN LENDL defeated Eliot Teltscher 3–6, 6–4, 6–0 in the $175,000 Japan-Asia Open in Tokyo.

CHRIS EVERT-LLOYD won a $125,000 tournament in Brighton, England, beating Martina Navratilova 6–4, 5–7, 6–3 in the finals.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: To manage the Cardinals, WHITEY HERZOG, 48, who last season had a 38–35 record as the Cards' skipper between June 8 and August 29.

RESIGNED: After coaching Quebec to a 1–3–2 record this season, MAURICE FILION, 48, who will be replaced by Assistant Coach MICHEL BERGERON, 26.

DIED: Former WBA light-heavyweight champ (1974-78, 1979) VICTOR GALINDEZ, 31, after being struck by a car during a Buenos Aires auto race in which he was competing. He was hit as he walked from his own car, which was disabled, toward the pits.

CREDITS

4—Lana Stewart. 16,17—Enrico Faroralli. 18—Walter Iooss Jr. (left) George Tiedemann. 19—Lana Stewart. 20,21—Tony Triolo (top left), Walter Iooss Jr. 22,23—John Iacono (center), Peter Jordan. 24—Walter Iooss Jr. 25—Heinz Kluetmeier. 26—Jerry Wachter. 63—Drew Leviton. 72—AP. 77—Fred Kaplan. 82—Robert Fischer. 86—Neil Leifer (bottom). 88—Richard Gardner (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD



OCK LUCKIE
FORT PIERCE, FLA.

Luckie, a 269-pound University of Florida senior, set a national bench-press record by lifting 600 pounds. The 1980 SEC champion in discus and shot-put and defensive tackle on Florida's football team, he broke the old mark by 65 pounds.



JOHN McKISSICK
SUMMERVILLE, S.C.

McKissick, 54, has coached the Summerville High football team to two straight state Class 4A titles and 35 consecutive wins. His record is 269–49–12 in 29 years at the school, and his teams have won five state championships.



SHAWN MORAN
CLINTON, MASS.

Shawn, a 5′10″, 165-pound senior halfback at Clinton High, gained 305 yards on 21 carries and scored all his team's points in a 20–12 defeat of Westboro High. He had TD runs of 80, 50 and 19 yards and ran for a two-point conversion.



JIMMY BROWN
GERMANTOWN, TENN.

Jimmy, 15, won the USTA Boys' 16 singles title at the Junior National Championships in Kalamazoo, Mich., defeating Jonathan Canter of Beverly Hills 6–2, 6–2 in the finals. Earlier this year he won the Boys' 16 Clay Court title in Nashville.





LAURIE RINKER
STUART, FLA.

ERIC JOHNSON
ELGIN, ORE.

Laurie and Eric are the U.S. Golf Association Girls' and Boys' Junior Amateur golf champions. Laurie, who is a sophomore at the University of Florida, defeated Libby Akers of French Lick, Ind. five and four in the 18-hole final match at Crestview Country Club in Wichita, Kans. to win the 32nd girls' championship, while Eric, a freshman at the University of Oregon, beat Bruce Soulsby of Columbus, Ohio four and three to win the 33rd boys' championship at Pine Lake Country Club in Orchard Lake, Mich.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

RUTGERS VS. ALABAMA

Sir.

Your article on the Alabama-Rutgers game was good (*It Was No Picnic in the Big Apple*, Oct. 20). However, you neglected to emphasize one thing: Rutgers is a team from the East, and Eastern teams aren't supposed to play on the same level as teams from the South, Midwest and West. Rutgers has proved that there is more to Eastern football than Pitt and Penn State.

PETER WADANOLE
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir.

In reading Joe Marshall's article, I noted a curious omission. If Rutgers' 4–0 start "looked swell on paper" but was racked up against suspect opponents, what about Alabama? At the time the Tide met the Scarlet Knights, its first four opponents (Georgia Tech, Mississippi, Vanderbilt and Kentucky) had amassed an aggregate 4–13 record and had been outscored 491–289. While Alabama's margin of victory over these teams was 33 points on the average, its first encounter with a winning club, Rutgers, resulted in only a four-point differential.

JOHN J. WEBBER
Barrington, R.I.

PLAYOFF STARS

Sir:

I recall that in the mid-70s there was a great deal of attention given to the Phillies and their practice of Transcendental Meditation (*Shh, the Phillies Are at Work*, June 14, 1976). They were characterized then as a placid and unemotional group. Anyone watching the National League Championship Series (*Wow, What a Playoff*, Oct. 20) would agree there was nothing placid about their current style of play. The Phillies apparently have abandoned TM for a higher form of motivation. Pete Rose.

RICK LATIN
Salt Lake City

Sir:

Let's not make a hero out of Pete Rose for his collision at home plate with Astro Catcher Bruce Bochy in Game 4 of the playoffs. In professional football such a tactic would be called unnecessary roughness and result in a penalty.

JOANNE RAY WALLING
Missouri City, Texas

Sir.

I agree with Ron Fimrite when he says that the Phillies and Astros played one of the most amazing championship series ever. But what most satisfied me was that the nation got a chance to see one of the most underrated players in baseball, Jose Cruz of the Astros. Cruz's timely hitting and slick fielding led the Astros to their first division crown ever.

JOHN LOSANO
New York City

THE "TRENTON TIMES" STORY

Sir:

In your story on the National League pennant race (*Out But Not Down*, Oct. 6) you mention a "reckless story originating in the *Trenton Times* linking the Phillies—or 'Pillies' as some called them—with drugs."

Your characterization of our story as "reckless" is unfair. The *Trenton Times* stands by what it has printed. All we said was that several Phillies would be questioned by Pennsylvania drug authorities in connection with a probe of a Reading, Pa. doctor. We made it clear that none of the Phillies was necessarily a target of the investigation, which seemingly centered on the doctor's allegedly writing prescriptions without first examining the athletes. After our story broke, other papers had a field day, with a couple of them branding the Phillies as Pillies, but those that bothered to check with their own sources came out with stories confirming what we had said.

LARRY KRAMER
Executive Editor/Vice President
Trenton Times
Trenton, N.J.

THE McKINNEY STORY

Sir.

Congratulations and thanks to Richard O'Connor for an excellent article on the unfortunate sequence of events involving former Los Angeles Laker Coach Jack McKinney (*After the Fall*, Oct. 20). McKinney's refusal to badmouth his former employer indicates that he has a great attitude and is a very classy individual. I hope he finds happiness and success at the helm of the Pacers.

DAVID D. NUNN
Tulsa

Sir:

Jack McKinney is in a freak accident and is "temporarily" replaced by an assistant coach who pleasantly surprises management by outperforming his friend. McKinney becomes expendable and is abandoned by a few people close to him. I'm sure this story sounds hauntingly familiar to hundreds of college athletes who have lost starting positions under similar circumstances.

MORRIS REYNOLDS
Charlotte, N.C.

REFORMING THE NHL (CONT.)

Sir:

Mark Mulvoy's open letter to John Ziegler (*Dear John*, Oct. 13) couldn't have been more timely or to the point. If hockey continues to allow violence and fighting, the sport—at all levels—is heading for certain death. Some NHL officials say that it's just part of the game, that the absence of fighting makes for a dull game. It's *not* part of the game under international rules, the rules under which the Olympics are played. Can anyone who watched the 1980 U.S. Olympic team play the Swedes, Soviets and Finns say that it wasn't exciting, beautiful hockey?

JERRY DEL VALLE
Port Orchard, Wash.

Sir:

Mark Mulvoy's suggestions for ridding hockey of fighting are ridiculous, as is his assertion that those who cheer fights aren't hockey fans. I am a hockey fanatic and I enjoy seeing a good fight. Besides, the fisticuffs just can't be eliminated. The argument that no other sport allows fighting is a poor one. In no other sport do the players move as fast as in hockey. In addition, the playing surface is slick and enclosed by boards, and the players have sticks. If you enclosed, say, the Houston Oilers' field and gave all pro football players sticks, Earl Campbell and the linebackers would crash into the boards on every sweep and would be tempted to use their sticks on each other. I think you have to agree that this would lead to fights.

BRIAN WAHL
Pennsauken, N.J.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

Sir.

I'd like to thank Bob Ottum for his piece on road racer Herb Lindsay (*Herb Lindsay Comes On Strong*, Sept. 29) and also compliment him for his incisive look at a runner's relationship to his body. When he speaks of a runner "getting out and walking all around [his body] to check on things," he's touching on a rather fundamental truth: a person is not merely a body, but rather a distinct spiritual being with a body to pilot around. As a runner myself, I know that part of the reason I run is that I feel better right afterward. Why? Because I get out there and push the old body a little further and a little harder than it likes to get pushed. As a being, I let it know who's boss, and I feel better for having done so. I am sure that Lindsay's body is a fine-tuned machine, but I tip my hat to its pilot!

THE REV. BRADBURY D. PEARSON
Bellevue, Idaho

SEED CHEWERS

Sir:

Let's hear it for seeds (*The Seeds of Content*, Oct. 6). After playing high school base-

continued

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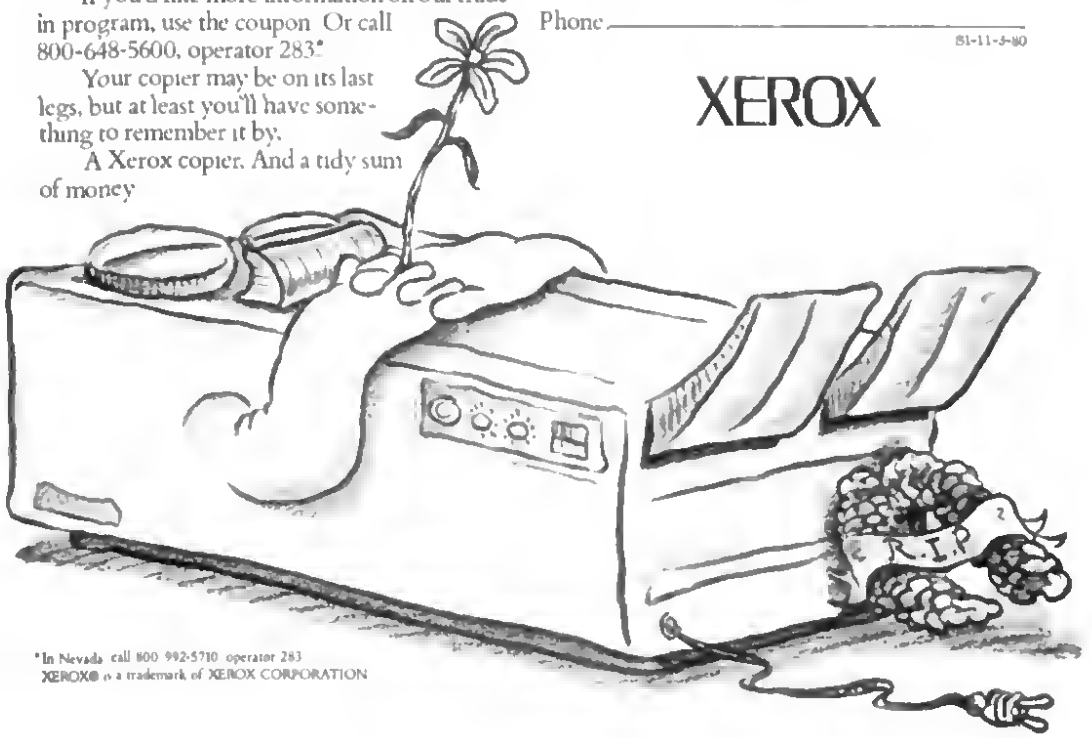
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ball I know the value of a good pack of sunflower seeds in fighting the monotony. However, you have left out an important step in the correct way to chew After you've gone through a couple of bags of seeds, a nice juicy piece of bubble gum is just right The contrast between salt and sweet is divine

THOMAS MOLAY
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Sir

Roy Blount Jr has raised the sunflower seed to its rightful place in the world of sport I've chewed seeds for a dozen years, and at last you've made honorable what my wife and former college softball teammates considered my "aberration." Now if I can only get the shells off the carpeting of my car

LARRY BARRETT
Southfield, Mich.

Sir

Here are a few more tips for chewers:

1) Keep uneaten seeds inside one cheek, chew the meat in the center of your mouth and save the shells in the other cheek. When you have finished eating the meat, suck on the empty shells to get added salt.

2) If your tongue gets sore, shell the seeds by hand and then chew them on either side of the mouth

3) Watch the number of seeds you eat The salt has already begun to wear down my front teeth, and I have switched to shelling by hand and side-chewing when possible

STEVEN J. LEBRUN
Athletic Director
St Mary's High School
Dell Rapids, S. Dak

Sir:

As one who has been cracking those delicious sunflower seeds for a number of years, I offer the following to those seed chewers who worry about the amount of salt they are consuming. After you have popped 60 or so shells in your mouth, take a drink of water, swish it through the seed wad and then spit out the salty fluid Now you can enjoy low-sodium seeds.

ED BILLINGS
San Diego

Sir:

Roy Blount Jr 's story brought back many memories of our past "spitting" experiences We come from North Dakota, the Sunflower Capital of the World, where nearly every Little Leaguer has attained Reggie Jackson's expert seed-chewing status by the age of eight Could it be that the art caught on in the majors after a big-leaguer visited a Midwestern Little League game?

CRAIG NYHUS
JEFF DOHN
JEFF HANSON
Jamestown, N. Dak.

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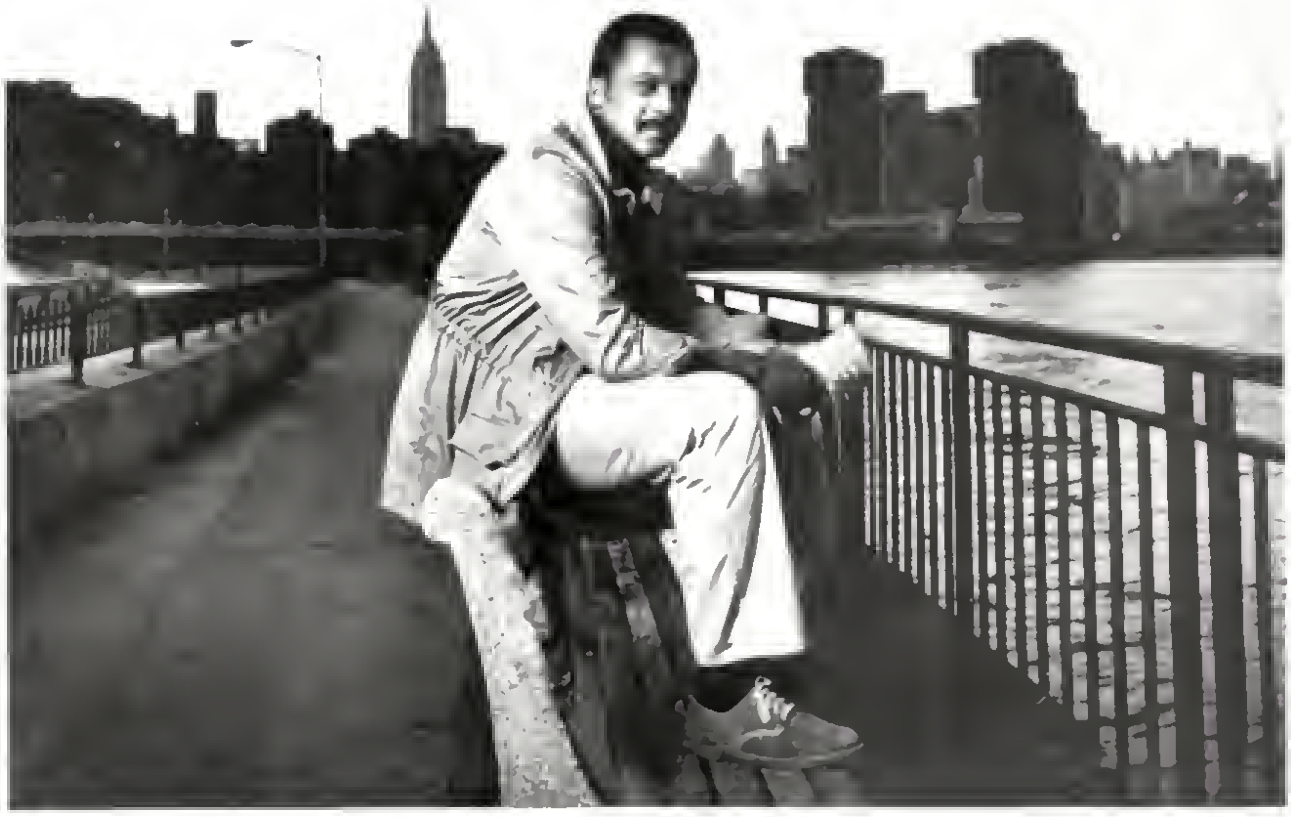
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DEWAR'S PROFILE

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DAVID HARDY

BORN: Plainfield, New Jersey, 1942
HOME: West New York, New Jersey
PROFESSION: Investigative/political reporter *New York Daily News*
RESPONSIBILITY: "To share reality with others, even though I'm mindful that reality is not always an inspiring spectacle"
STORY: Be it a homicide, a zoning fight, a political scandal, or simply a tale of a compassionate Jersey City hot dog vendor, my job is sometimes thrilling, often onerous occasionally perilous, but always interesting"
QUOTE: "Every human being should possess a sense of morality about society and accept personal responsibility for his or her role
SCOTCH: Dewar's White Label On the rocks with a splash, when relaxing with my chess computer

David W Hardy

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